Saturday Review

MAY 28, 1955 / 20¢

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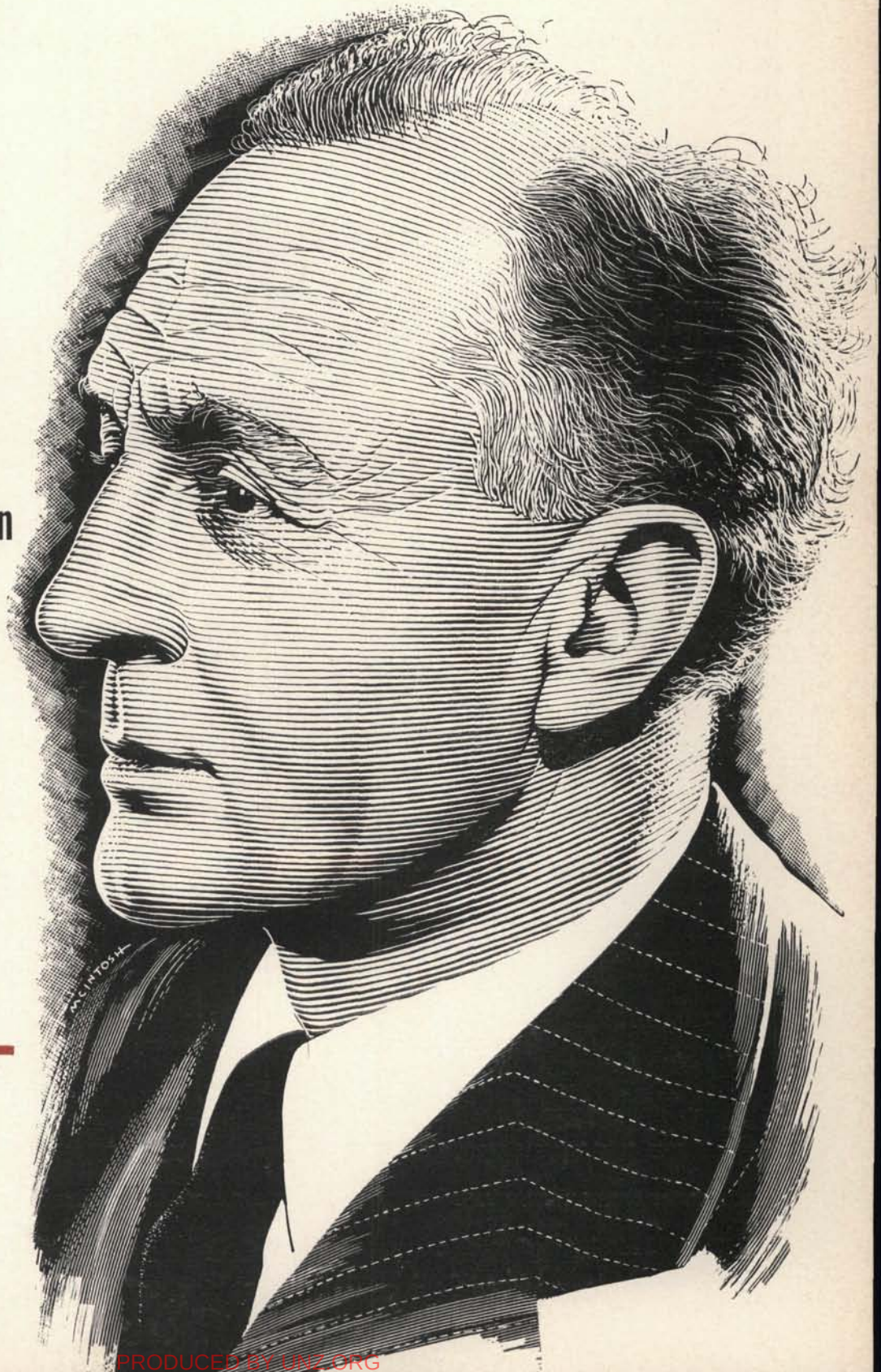

THE DAY AFTER WE LAND ON MARS

By Robert S. Richardson

FULL REPORT ON SR'S TV POLL

SOME THOUGHTS ON JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

By John Steinbeck

Joyce Cary, author of "Not Honour More." (See page 12)

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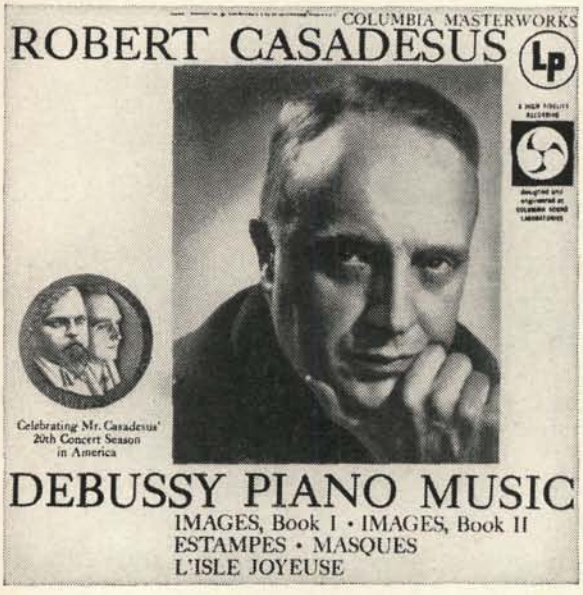

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THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $7 a year; $8 in Canada. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXVIII, No. 22, May 28, 1955. Re-entered as second-class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1955 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc

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TRADE Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

ALL OF THOSE JOKES—many of them pretty lame, too—about Texas zillionaires have backfired against the University of Houston, which is having a hard time convincing the general public that it needs immediate contributions to avert a financial jam. "Everybody thinks we're rolling in money," General A. D. Bruce, president of the University, writes me. "Can't you help us correct this entirely erroneous impression? The story that H. R. Cullen gave us $2,250,000, for instance, just for winning a football game, has hurt us in the academic field, too. Mr. Cullen did give us an oil income which will come to that total over a ten-year period, but it definitely wasn't for winning a football game." Mr. Cullen himself adds that he's now given away 93 per cent of his worldly goods, so, in the future, "he will only be able to assist in a modest way."

Meanwhile, literary leaders in Houston and Dallas have forgotten oil, natural gas, and alfalfa—and even Edna Ferber's "Giant"—long enough to whip up a new vendetta against Craig Hosmer, a Congressman from Long Beach, California. This varmint has had the effrontery to introduce a bill which would make the Hawaiian Islands part of California and Alaska part of Washington State. Know what that would accomplish, pardner? Reduce Texas to the ignominy of being only the third largest state in the Union!

NOT EVERY MAN WHO DIGS FOR OIL, of course, ends up as a prosperous member of the Petroleum Club. Virgil M. Hancher, president of State University of Iowa, writes about one wildcatter who died before he struck it rich, hot-footed it to heaven, and met up with St. Peter at the pearly gates.

"He was astonished," continues Dr. Hancher, "when St. Peter informed him that he could not enter because heaven was operating on a quota basis and that the very small quota allowed for wildcatters was full. This particular wildcatter, being true to the characteristics of his species, was slow to recognize defeat or any obstacle to the attainment of his desires. He immediately countered by asking St. Peter if he was concerned about the persons who made up the quota. This seemed a novel question, but after reflection St. Peter said that he was not concerned.

" 'Then,' said the wildcatter, 'if I were permitted to enter and could induce one of the wildcatters in the quota to leave, might I take his place?' This, too, was a novel suggestion, but after reflection St. Peter said he thought that it was permissible. The wildcatter then asked for an entry permit, which was granted him, and he was allowed to enter.

"Presently St. Peter was astonished to see most of the quota's wildcatters rushing through the pearly gates down toward hell. The new arrival was not with them. St. Peter became so curious that he sent out a messenger and had the wildcatter brought to him.

" 'Well,' said St. Peter, 'I see that you were able to get the wildcatters to leave.'

" 'Yes,' said the wildcatter.

" 'How did you get them to leave so quickly?' asked St. Peter.

" 'Oh,' said the wildcatter, 'I told them that they had just struck oil in hell.'

" 'Well,' said St. Peter, 'now with the quota unfilled and ample room for you here, I suppose that you are very happy and will be delighted to stay.'

" 'Not on your life,' said the wildcatter. 'I'm going, too. There just might be something to that rumor!' "

FROM MICHAEL GROSS, pre-eminent provider of posters and other gadgets designed to increase the sale of books:

> In recent TRADE WINDS columns you've given frequent examples of the retail bookseller's plight. There's something wrong with book readers, too. My favorite example goes back to the time when Garden City Publishing Company secured the reprint rights to Durant's "Story of Philosophy." Bob DeGraff wanted an

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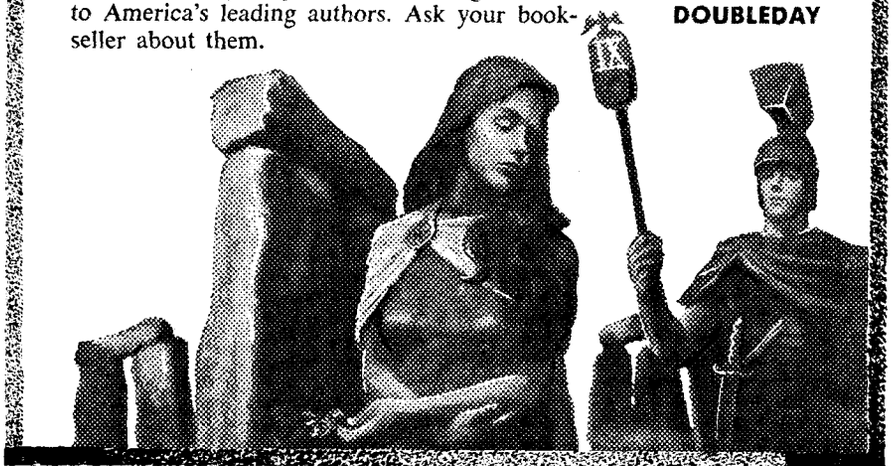

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unusual display to use in big shops around the city. We hit on the idea of getting a seventy-pound cast-iron base. Into this we drilled an opening and in the opening we fastened one end of a six-foot length of gas pipe. Then we bent the pipe over until the upper half reached almost to the floor.

The gimmick was to punch a hole through fifty actual books and string them on the pipe, giving the illusion that they were falling over. Across the iron base we would letter: BALANCE YOUR READING! GET A COPY OF THIS FAMOUS BEST-SELLER.

Bob sent us fifty copies. We removed the jackets, gouged a two-inch hole out of each book, strung the books on the pipe, lettered the base, and started the display around to the various shops, each dealer using it for a week. We picked the display up at the final stop and stored it away for future use.

A few months went by and then a bookseller called Bob and said he had a chance to use the "off-balance" display again. When we dug it out of the stock room we found just the bare pipe. The lad in charge readily admitted he had lifted off the fifty books, put the jackets back on them, and returned the lot to the publisher. A telephone call to Garden City revealed the astounding fact that the fifty books had been put back in stock and used to fill orders, no one having taken the trouble to glance inside of a copy. And here's the pay-off: NO BOOKSELLER, OR CUSTOMER OF A BOOKSELLER, EVER RETURNED ONE OF THESE FIFTY BOOKS.

I can just imagine some low-brow being reprimanded by a friend for reading a no-good novel. "Why do you bother with this cheap stuff?" the friend asks —and the goon replies: "I once bought a serious book but the darn thing had a hole punched in the center. If that's the way they make 'em, the hell with it."

Or some bibliophile showing a copy to a friend and saying, boastfully: "Did you ever see the Chinese edition of 'The Story of Philosophy'? Very rare, I understand."

You try and figure it out.

FROM DR. MICHAEL FRY, OF NEW YORK

—not a doctor of philology, as you might suspect from his letter, but a doctor of medical science:

It must have occurred to you that our language is not keeping up with our technological progress. Here are millions of us paddling in numbered channels, and

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there is not a verb to denote "watching television." So I propose the new verb: "to teeve," rhyming with sleeve. I teeve, you teeve, etc. What are the children doing? Teeving.

Instead of laboriously saying: "I saw a good show on television (or TV) last night," we would have "I teeved a good . . ." etc.

Eventually we may have occasion to say: "Did you hear about poor old Binks—he teeved himself into Matteawan."

Then take the business of riding in an elevator. What awkward circumlocutions. "He took the elevator to the fourth floor." The devil he did. The elevator took him. One of these days someone who is told to "take the elevator" really will make off with the darned thing, and what a hullabaloo that will cause.

Why not the verb "to vator." Then when someone invites you to "go to the top of the Empire State" there will be no misunderstanding. You'll vator up and no nonsense.

There must be a good many other such lacunae. Our language needs streamlining or we shall be left behind in the semantic race. As soon as enough Russians get television sets you can bet your life they will coin the word "tyelevizhat" (Ya tyelevizhayu, ty tyelevizhayesh, etc.). And then where will our democracy be?

SPEAKING OF THE RUSSIANS, Edward Price Ehrich submits two paragraphs concerning them, and asks you to guess who wrote them:

> Let it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of Western peoples instead of the most westerly of Easterns that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.
>
> . . . Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much of Asia and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday-school or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

"No," adds Mr. Ehrich, "the author was neither Winston Churchill nor John Foster Dulles, but Rudyard Kipling, in a story called 'The Man Who Was,' published way back in 1890!"

—BENNETT CERF.

"NOT A MAN IN SIGHT..."

From the Reader's Digest *feature,* Life in These United States . . . *"true stories showing appealing or humorous sidelights on the American scene."*

As I was driving along a country road with four other women as my guests a tire went flat. My heart sank with it, for my tire-changing experience was nil and the road was empty of aid. Pulling to the side, I hunted out the tools, remarking as I did so:

"Not a man in sight, of course. What we need is an angel from heaven!"

Imagine our astonishment when a cheery voice above our heads said, "I'll be down in a minute, lady." Unknowingly, I had stopped beside a telephone pole at the top of which sat our "angel"—a line repairman.

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Lamont Poetry Award

THE Academy of American Poets is again extending an invitation to all publishers of books of poetry to participate in a contest which it is sponsoring "for the discovery and encouragement of new poetic genius."

Each publisher may submit one unpublished manuscript in this competition for the publication of a book of poetry to be designated as "The Lamont Poetry Selection."

The manuscripts must be of original poetry in English by a living American poet who has not had a previously published book of poems. It is considered desirable in the opinion of the Academy that these manuscripts should not exceed average first poetry book length.

The contest is open only to unpublished manuscripts, though prior acceptance for publication does not disqualify.

The Academy of American Poets agrees to purchase for distribution to its membership one thousand (1,000) copies of the published winning manuscript at a 40 per cent discount from the retail price, but not exceeding $1.50 per copy or $1,500 in the aggregate.

The publisher agrees to publish the winning manuscript within fifteen months after the announcement of the judges' decision, and to pay to the author a royalty of not less than 10 per cent of the retail price, with an immediate advance of such royalty on the 1,000 copies purchased by the Academy. References in the published book, or on the jacket, to the Academy, the contest, or the Lamont Poetry Selection must be approved by the Academy.

The closing date for the contest is June 15, 1955 and manuscripts should be mailed or delivered to The Academy of American Poets, Incorporated, 1030 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, N. Y., on or prior to such date, together with the entry blank. The Academy will make every effort to expedite the decision of the judges and hopes that it will be rendered by October 1. A panel of judges has been selected consisting of well-known poets: Louise Bogan, John Holmes, May Sarton, Rolfe Humphries, and Randall Jarrell.

The Academy assumes no responsibility for the loss of manuscripts and cannot return them unless a proper return envelope and postage are enclosed by the sender.

Any entry not complying with the above rules will be automatically excluded from the contest.

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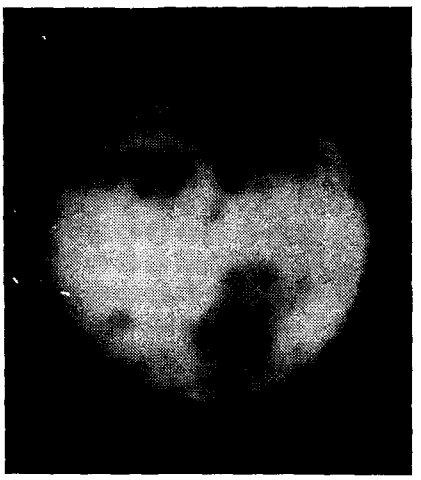
The Saturday Review
MAY 28, 1955

THE DAY AFTER WE LAND ON MARS



Mars photographed in red light through the 200-inch Mt. Palomar telescope. Dark markings are the greenish areas which change tint with the seasons, suggesting the growth and decay of vegetation.

EDITOR'S NOTE: On April 25 of this year the Moscow radio announced that the Soviet Union had formed a team of scientists (among them the world-famous physicist Peter Kapitsa) to devise a space-station, and predicted that men would be making trips to the moon in a year or two. This startling information confirms what "rocketeers" have been telling us for four or five years: that the basic studies of space travel are completed, and that all which remains is application and engineering. And that it is imperative for the Free World to be ahead of the Slave World in getting into space. Competitive, military reasons for such a spectacular achievement are only the start of the story, of course; beyond the useful satellite space-station float the moon and our brother-planets of the Solar System. *SR* has asked Dr. Robert S. Richardson, astronomer at the Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories and member of the International Mars Committee (which ended its fourth meeting at Lowell Observatory in Arizona on March 25), to discuss the Fourth Planet, and—more important—the sort of human society and attitudes which will conquer it.

By ROBERT S. RICHARDSON

MARS is the only body aside from the Earth itself on which we have been able to detect evidence for life. The stars and nebulae present us with problems which in many respects make them more interesting objects for study than Mars, particularly in nuclear physics and related fields. A special interest attaches to Mars, however, owing to the fact that it may be the abode of life. There may be myriads of other stars besides our sun with planets revolving around them on which life has developed. We do not know. At present it seems unlikely that we will ever know. So far as life in the universe is concerned we are alone with Mars.

Doubtless men have always dreamed of traveling to far off worlds more wonderful and (presumably) happier than their own. Until very recently the idea of travel beyond the Earth has hardly been more than a vague dream. Indeed few ever contended it could be anything else. Now suddenly the spectacular advances in rocketry and electronics have made space travel a possibility within our lifetime—within the next ten years, according to some. The prospect that unfolds before us is dazzling. The opportunities for discovery seem unlimited. And our enthusiasm for exploration in space unbounded.

In the excitement of the hunt we have paid little attention to the object of the chase. We have not bothered to question if the game is worth the candle. Or whether colonization of another world might lead to repercussions of a highly disturbing character. If we succeed in reaching Mars the total cost will run into the billions. It will be the biggest real-estate deal in history. What can we expect for our money? What kind of a world is Mars?

In appearance, at least, Mars is not so different from the Earth. Many regions of the Earth must resemble Mars so closely that you could not tell which was which from a photograph. An artist friend of mine who has made a name for himself depicting planetary scenes tells me that Mars is his hardest subject. Editors

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balk at paying for a picture supposedly representing Mars when their readers are likely to mistake it for the country around Reno or Las Vegas. For Mars is practically all dry land and most of that land is desert. Mars is often referred to as a small planet, and it is true that its diameter is only about half that of the Earth's. But we must remember that three-quarters of the Earth is covered by water and uninhabitable. When we compare the two globes on a dry-land basis Mars is found to be almost exactly the same size as the Earth.

On the Earth we immediately associate the word "desert" with "heat." On Mars, however, the situation is reversed. Over most of the planet the climate is similar to that of a cold high-altitude desert, such as the plateau of Tibet. Since Mars on the average is fifty million miles farther from the sun than the Earth we would naturally expect it to be considerably colder there, and actual measures with sensitive heat-detecting instruments confirm this. At noon in the tropics the average temperature is about 40° F. The atmosphere is so thin and dry that it has very little blanketing effect. Thus, the highest temperature comes near noon instead of about three o'clock in the afternoon as on the Earth. The temperature falls rapidly until at sunset it is 10° F. Since the unilluminated side of Mars is never turned directly toward the Earth we cannot measure the temperature at midnight, but it must be very low, say —20° F. A temperature of —90° F has been measured at the poles, and during the long polar night it may drop to —150° F. On the other hand, a temperature as high as 85° F was once recorded at a dark spot near the equator when Mars was close to the sun. For comparison, the highest and lowest temperatures ever recorded on Earth are 136° F in Tripoli and —90° F in Siberia.

Mars undoubtedly has a thin atmosphere of some kind as the familiar markings on the disc are often obscured by haze and clouds. On photographs taken in blue light which show only the outer atmospheric shell of the planet bright clouds often appear on the late afternoon side. In 1954 such a cloud formation was observed several times which bore a startling resemblance to the letter "W." The effect was the same as if someone had scrawled the letter on the side of the disc with a piece of chalk. (This is one of those "now it can be told" items. If astronomers had released this information last year when Mars was closest there is no telling what the result might have been. Of course, if you turn the planet upside down the marking becomes an "M.")

Unfortunately, our knowledge of the constitution of the Martian atmosphere is mostly negative in character. We can only talk about what the atmosphere is *not*. For example, we know that it does *not* contain any oxygen; or, at most, less than 1 per cent of the amount in our atmosphere. The announcement in 1933 that observations taken with the 100-inch telescope on Mount Wilson had failed to detect oxygen in the atmosphere of Mars came as a blow to those who would like to have the planets inhabited by intelligent beings. Since oxygen is essential to all but the lowest forms of life it seems improbable that we will ever be destroyed by invaders from Mars. At present our best guess is that the atmosphere of Mars is made up of inert gases like those in our own atmosphere, but with the oxygen left out.

Water also is an exceedingly scarce article on Mars. Astronomers took about seventy-five years to establish the fact that oxygen is absent, but the evidence for water can be obtained almost at a glance. Among the easiest markings to discern on the disc are the white caps at the poles, which expand in winter and shrink with the approach of spring. The most natural explanation is that they consist of a thin deposit of frost and snow. For a while it was thought they might be frozen carbon dioxide or dry ice, but this idea has been abandoned. (The polar caps are too warm!) This deposit of snow at the poles appears to be the only source of water on the entire planet. To us it would seem pitifully inadequate. Long ago Professor H. N. Russell of Princeton illustrated the perpetual drought that prevails on Mars in a striking way when he remarked that all the water on the planet would hardly fill Lake Huron, a statement that has been repeated by practically every author who has written on Mars in the last thirty years.

Although it is hard to make out a case for animal life on Mars, the evidence for plant life is good. There are still a few dissenters, but I believe that most astronomers today are willing to admit the existence of plant life. The distinctive red color of Mars comes from the barren deserts in the northern hemisphere. But the southern hemisphere up to about latitude 40° is girdled by dark green areas called *maria*. As the name indicates, these areas were once thought to be actual seas, and not so long ago either. It seems incredible today that our grandfathers could have been so wrong. The *maria* show seasonal changes which suggest the growth and decay of vegetation. In winter they are dim and gray or brownish in tint. But as spring comes on and the polar cap begins to melt a "wave of quickening" proceeds toward the equator and the *maria* grow darker and turn to green. It seems almost certain that the *maria* must undergo regeneration each year, as otherwise they would have been obliterated after millions of years by the dust from the deserts.

The chief objection to the vegetation hypothesis is the absence of oxygen and the limited supply of water. Also, the sub-zero cold would rule out most types of plants. It is possible, however, that such extremely hardy plants as the lichens might be able to survive on Mars, as their adaptability to adverse conditions seems virtually unlimited. This does not mean of course that there are lichens growing on Mars. If the green *maria* consist of vegetation it is probably of a wholly different type from ours.

LET us look ahead to a time when space travel has become a reality. The journey to Mars is still hazardous and beset with difficulties, but it is no longer a major problem. However, the length of the trip is hard to specify at present; there are many uncertainties involved. One plan which has been worked out in detail puts the round trip at nearly three years. This includes a stay on Mars of 449 days. Even making liberal allowances for technical advances it appears that the time spent on the road will always be considerable. (Unless, of course, atomic fuel becomes available.)

By a stupendous effort a station of several hundred young unmarried men has finally been established on Mars. Needless to say, the personnel was selected with the utmost care to eliminate those with physical defects and undesirable personality traits. Transporting men from the Earth to Mars and back is an exceedingly expensive and difficult proposition. For this reason the men cannot be rotated as rapidly as is desirable. A man who volunteers for Mars must do so with the expectation of remaining a minimum of, say, five years on the planet.

To ensure a permanent supply of water the station should be located at one of the poles. We will put it at the north pole since this one has never been observed to disappear completely in summer. A steady water supply would also solve the oxygen problem, since oxygen could probably be obtained most easily on Mars by decomposing water into hydrogen and oxy-

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gen. Locating the station at the pole has the disadvantage of a long night with its frightfully low temperature. But it is going to be cold wherever you build on Mars. And it is doubtful if the men would be much less miserable at the equator.

If we are able to get to Mars in the first place we should be able to build dwellings where the men can live in reasonable comfort so far as their bodily needs are concerned. But it would be an unnatural artificial existence, as restricted as taking up residence in a submarine. One could never step outdoors without suitable oxygen equipment. Since the atmospheric pressure is probably from 10 to 20 per cent of that at the surface of the Earth an airtight spacesuit would not be necessary. But even short trips would be dangerous owing to accidents to the oxygen equipment, and the chance of being caught outdoors at night without ample protection against the cold. Exploring parties could probably make field trips by airplane despite the low density of the air, since gravity is only 37 per cent of that on the Earth.

Only a few of the men would work outdoors. Most of the men's time would be spent inside the walls of the station. The work would be of a monotonous character, analyzing and classifying data secured on field trips, writing up reports, and transmitting the results to Earth. A man would never be alone. Every hour would be closely restricted and regulated. The discipline could never be relaxed; the least slip might result in disaster. A man would lead a precarious life, but it would lack the stimulation that comes from exposure to imminent danger. It would be an endless war without a truce or a victory.

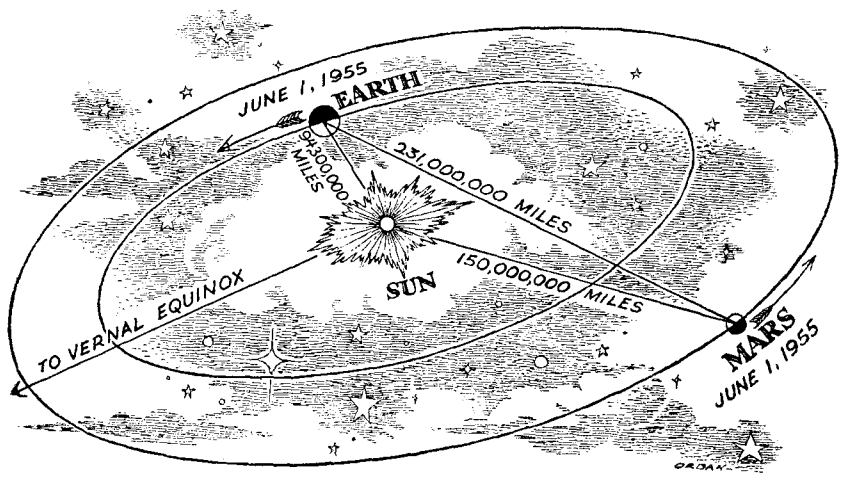
WHY should we risk lives and spend billions of dollars to reach such a desolate world when there are vast regions so much closer home that are still blank spots on the map? Because we will find new elements or precious mineral deposits? Impossible. Because occupation of the planets will be useful for military purposes? Nonsense. Because we will find a type of intelligence far greater than our own? The odds are overwhelmingly against it. Yet I feel confident in my own mind that if we attain the technical ability to travel to the planets we will do it. Furthermore, we will do it knowing perfectly well what to expect in advance.

Why?

Well . . . for no better reason than man's insatiable and restless curiosity to see what lies beyond his horizon. Because there will never be any peace for us until that challenging gap between the Earth and Mars is bridged. We should quit trying to think up logical, sensible reasons for space travel. *There are no such reasons.* If we ever reach Mars it will be because we were lured there by that same vague but irresistible urge that led men to make one assault after another on Mt. Everest: "Because it's there."

In my opinion, the only valid reason for journeying to Mars is pure scientific investigation. There is no question that a station on Mars would add to our store of basic scientific knowledge. For instance, we would like very much to know about magnetic conditions on Mars, or any planet for that matter. What is the strength of the magnetic field? How does it vary over the surface and throughout the day and year? There are many other problems that would be crying for study. The difficulty would be in trying to decide which ones to do first. Whether the taxpayers would be willing to foot a bill of $10,000,000,000 to learn that the magnetic axis of Mars is inclined seven degrees to its axis of rotation is a question. My hunch is they would not care particularly. Going to Mars would be a lot of fun and excitement, a trip in which we could all vicariously participate. Go ahead and spend the money.

The biologist would seem to have the biggest stake in such a trip. If the *maria* consist of vegetation he would be in much the same situation as Galileo with his first telescope—wherever he looked he would be sure to make an important discovery. Imagine the delight of a biologist able to study plant life that had originated under extraterrestrial conditions. Biologists like to think of plant succession, photosynthesis, and natural selection as fundamental principles of life. But the fact remains that they have been studied only under the conditions that prevail on the Earth, and their universal nature can only be inferred. It would be a most striking piece of evidence if such fundamental principles were also found to hold true on Mars.



Positions of the Earth and Mars on June 1, 1955, about the time readers will see this magazine. Mars is 231,000,000 miles away, and so nearly in line with the sun as to be lost in its rays.

MARS THE RED

Mean distance from sun	**152,000,000 miles**
Least distance from Earth	**34,000,000 miles**
Length of year	**687 days**
Length of day	**24 hours 37.4 minutes**
Diameter	**4,268 miles**
Mass (Earth 1.00)	**0.108**
Density (Earth 1.00)	**0.70**
Surface gravity	**0.37 g**

MOONS: *Mars has two tiny moons, Phobos and Deimos, which revolve around the planet at a distance from its center of 5,830 miles and 14,600 miles, respectively.*

THE nearest approximation we have to an outpost such as we have visualized on Mars is the 5,000-man base which the United States Government has established at Thule, Greenland. Apparently it is well equipped so that

(*Continued on page* 28)

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Artist of Affirmation

***"Not Honour More," by Joyce Cary** (Harper. 320 pp. $3.50), completes the trilogy begun with "Prisoner of Grace" and "Except the Lord," chronicling the downfall of a powerful and dishonest political leader. Harrison Smith takes this occasion to assess the work of Mr. Cary.*

By Harrison Smith

THE case of Joyce Cary *versus* the reading public in England and this country presents a strange paradox. Mr. Cary was forty-four years old when "Aissa Saved," the first of his four African novels, appeared in 1932. Since then he has published fourteen novels, two narrative poems, and two studies of African problems. This record might not prove anything except that he is an astonishingly prolific writer, if his fiction had not been universally praised from the beginning by English, and later by American, critics.

During all these years there has been no reviewer who would have disagreed with Elizabeth Bowen's statement concerning one of his lesser books, "The Moonlight," "that Joyce Cary was one of the best of Britain's novelists and certainly one of the most original in the great early tradition of Defoe and Fielding." He has also been called Dickensian. Actually, he belongs to no school but his own, and he has no imitators. He is not a "difficult" writer; his prose is lucid; his plots complex, perhaps, but always intriguing; his characters are recognizable as human beings, though the behavior of many of them might, in the hands of any other writer, shock a few of the Mrs. Grundys left in the world. A modest man, he has received all of the literary prizes and honors his country has to offer. On this side of the Atlantic he is known to Book-of-the-Month Club subscribers for his "The Horse's Mouth" and to audiences who have attended his nationwide lectures over the last several years. He has even received the accolade of *Time* magazine, which presented to its legion of readers in October 1952 Mr. Cary's distinguished and smiling features on its cover, a lengthy, enthusiastic account of his life a review of "Prisoner of Grace," and one of the few short stories the magazine has ever published, "Romance."

All of this advance promotion should have persuaded at least several thousand people to storm the bookstores. Nothing of the sort happened. The paradox of Joyce Cary, stated simply, is that the unstinted enthusiasm of critics for Mr. Cary's novels in England and the United States over twenty or more years has not persuaded the American public to buy more than a comparatively few thousand copies of any of his novels, with the exception of "The Horse's Mouth," which, as we have said, received in this country the abundant blessings of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

No novelist can be wholly indifferent to the number of his readers; but when the writer of this article briefly mentioned this difficult subject to Mr. Cary in Oxford last summer he found him almost as unconcerned as William Faulkner, who will toil over his manuscripts like a medieval monk and then send them to his publisher as if he were depositing them in the vaults of a bank which would doubtless send him occasional dividends. Unlike the man who can call himself an artist though he has never sold a painting, the serious writer must have readers, a devoted audience, small or large. Does it matter? Did it matter to William Blake?

JOYCE CARY has had no axes to grind, he finds life exciting and abundantly worth living; and this gift for affirmation of the life force is the heart and center of his work, whether his genius brings to life a half-mad artist, a woman of easy virtue, a politician, an African clerk, a soldier, or any one of the scores of characters whose part he has taken in the tragedy-comedy of life and death. He has known them all, from his childhood, so charmingly recalled in his "A House of Children," to the year when he wrote his first novel. They, or the seed of them, lived in his fabulous memory. He has had an advantage over many novelists of his time; he had lived a full life in his own country and Africa before he began to write, and appears never to have forgotten a day of it.

What Joyce Cary has accomplished

THE AUTHOR: In a manner of speaking Joyce Cary, a bony, spirited, down-to-earth Anglo-Irishman who has seen Oxford, war, and Africa first hand, is, at sixty-six, possibly life's most exuberant copywriter. Enthusiastically, with gusto, in words as high as the sun, Cary, from his first novel on, has been saying over and over that life is an extraordinary thing. He said so again in Oxford the other day as he chatted about his trilogy ("Prisoner of Grace," "Except the Lord," and "Not Honour More"), the world, and the future. "I meant to write a political trilogy," he began, "because I had already written about art ('The Horse's Mouth'), business ('A Fearful Joy'), the women's life ('The Moonlight'). All three dealt with my special world, the world of the free imagination, the permanent creation. The political trilogy, five years' work, shows this world in politics; a world where the free individual soul, with his special problems, his special ambitions, is always in conflict; an everlasting cold war, civilized only by conscience, by social taboos, and by the law; a world dominated, like that of art and business, by the man of imagination. The hope for the future is that better education will make the mass of the people less open to the worst kind of demagogue, the cheaper and meaner types of written propaganda. I think there has been an improvement even in the last few years. But education is a long, slow process. And the final situation is incurable. Because we are free creative souls, for ever inventing, achieving, we live in a world of continuous revolution, continuous change; a continuous battle of ideas: new inventions, discoveries. The personal tragedies of ruined men, superseded business, frustrated artists, can be mitigated by various devices, but the fundamental insecurity, the fundamental conflict cannot be removed. To the free personal soul we owe all love, beauty, everything that makes life worth living; and also the everlasting conflict and insecurity that makes it tragic. Freedom is all our joy and all our pain."

—BERNARD KALB.

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is to confront and attack the almost universal conviction, which the shock of the First World War and the long years of the Depression had created, that life was not worth living; to prove the unreality of that twisted fictional world of the last thirty years, inhabited by psychotics, perverts, and gloomy existentialists who flourish on the craving for imaginary thrills of people who have lost their faith in the future. It is apparent in all his work and as vital as ever in his latest novel, "Not Honour More," the end of a trilogy preceded by "Prisoner of Grace" and "Except the Lord." It does not matter that he may have written greater and more memorable books, or that this writer believes that two of the African series, "Mr. Johnson" and "The African Witch," are the best of their kind in the English language, or that "To Be a Pilgrim" is his finest novel. Any reader with a mind open to Mr. Cary's philosophy, if it can be called that, will find that they illustrate that ancient Latin motto "Nil desperandum," which would admirably suit Mr. Cary's family crest.

For his subject for the trilogy he has chosen the rise of a completely dishonest Labour lord, Chester Nimmo, from the most abject rural poverty to his control of the British Parliament, and his enduring passion for his wife, Nina, the young woman whom he had married for social position and her money, but whose affections through the years remained constantly attached to her young cousin, Jim Latter, who presented her with her first child and then left for military duty in Africa. Chester Nimmo became a fraud on a gigantic scale, and he illustrates one of Mr. Cary's obsessions, his profound distaste of politicians whose eloquence can be turned in any direction which will help them swing an election or put money in their pockets.

MR. CARY'S intention was to dissect his three protagonists, not only in themselves, but as seen by each other. In the end the three novels were more or less independent of each other, though it would be difficult to read any one without wanting to read the others. It was obvious, for example, that the situation in which Nina found herself was so monstrous toward the end of "Prisoner of Grace" that there must be a violent termination to "Not Honour More." Nina's lover had returned from Africa, a soldier with a soldier's sense of military order and duty. He had been the father of her children, for he had several times taken leave to return from his African duties to the only woman he loved. It is impossible to know whether the old silver-tongued leader of the labor movement suspected his wife's infidelity, for he was blind to anything that might weaken his faith in himself. His political machinations and greed had become so obvious that he was thrown out of office.

Jim and Nina married at last, but they had no sooner set up housekeeping together than the apparently senile old man insisted on coming to live with them. All he had left in the world was his money, his ambition, his sexual vigor, and a divorced wife who had lived so long with corruption that she had lost her moral balance. Whenever Jim was away the old man possessed her, and she did not resist.

When the curtain rises on the last act it is obvious that there must be a violent conclusion to this triangle. "Not Honour More" takes the form of Jim Latter's dictated confession of murder to the police. It is an intensely dramatic and exciting novel centered in the dangerous days when England was confronted with the General Strike of 1926, when millions of workers lived on the dole, and the Northern cities, great and small, were crowded with idle and hopeless men and women. In his novel Mr. Cary presents a far more violent, dangerous, and dramatic account of the strike of British labor than the newspapers allowed to be printed. Jim Latter, who had become a minor leader of the local Police Reserve [illegible] was to witness to his horror the rise of the decrepit old man from his sickbed to national prominence. His veniality and political crookedness were forgotten by the fickle public, and he was again in the headlines of the press as the only man who might save the country.

The Latters lived near a small industrial city which became one of the centers of the conflagration. Jim came home one day to find Lord Nimmo embracing his wife. He struck the old man down, and the rumor spread that he was dying. The forthright and disciplined soldier was faced with keeping order where disorder reigned, with its center in his own house, in fact, in his own bed.

The denouement to this story of violence and betrayal is brutal and inevitable. "Not Honour More" illustrates another phase of Mr. Cary's literary talents. He is able to abandon his lucid and familiar prose style for the rude dictated report of an angry, tormented, and unrepentant soldier. The illusion is perfect; it is not Joyce Cary who has written this book, but Jim Latter.

Notes

RAT-RACE AT THE BBC: The BBC, *it seems*, has its troubles too. In a cheery little excursion entitled **"Low Notes on a High Level"** (Harper, $2.75) J. B. Priestley finds British radio hag-ridden with pretentious fakers, creeping bureaucrats, and politicians. Mr. Priestley likes the politicians least of all but, being a fair-minded man, he deals everyone an impartial round of lusty thwacks, muffling the blows with hearty chuckles.

"Low Notes" is a slender 160 pages,

". . . the tragedy-comedy of life and death."

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but its plot has more angles than the Lever Brothers building. The catalytic agent for Mr. Priestley's opinions is a not-so-mad scientist named Dobb, who is acutely infuriated by government regulation (especially by the income tax). Being an inventive genius, Dobb can fulfil everyman's dream of getting slightly even with his tormentors; he goes into competition with the BBC via a delightfully criminal operation called "Freedom Radio," which mixes iconoclasm with spot commercials. Dobb's machinations are somehow involved with a new Scandinavian symphony, a grotesque bass instrument called the Dobbophone, international relations, and the course of true love. The author of "The Good Companions" may be irked, but bitter he is not. All of the proceedings are tinted with his ebullience, and everyone is bathed in what Mr. Priestly calls "Schnapps-sunlight"—which is like being drunk. only better. —MARTIN LEVIN.

WEST INDIANS IN LONDON: In the hope of a better life, great numbers of Puerto Ricans and Virgin Islanders have settled in New York, by and large simply exchanging one slum for another. The channel of attempted escape for British West Indians, however, has been to England, and in **"The Emigrants"** (McGraw-Hill. $3.75) George Lamming has taken a group of Jamaicans, Trinidadians, and Barbadians and followed their flight to the slums of London. At the start of his story, Mr. Lamming indicates a potentially gripping, powerful, and important novel, and there are paragraphs and occasionally pages of poetic beauty and clear insight into the problems of his protagonists. But, the story dwindles away. Mr. Lamming becomes more interested in the peccadillos, the idiosyncrasies, and the gaucheries of his characters than in the basic problems. In fact, many of the passages are so self-consciously arty that they set the teeth on edge and the rambling story line becomes more and more difficult to follow. Yet there can be no doubt that Mr. Lamming is a writer of considerable skill. Perhaps the misdirection of his talents stems from the excessive and indiscriminate praise of his previous book. "The Castle of My Skin." In "The Emigrants" he has exaggerated all the faults of his earlier work.

—WENZELL BROWN.

U.S.A.

The First Amendment

"Freedom of the Press," by William L. Chenery *(Harcourt, Brace. 256 pp. $3.75), is a veteran editor's restatement of a basic American principle and a plea for its practice not only by newspapers, but by the movies, radio, and TV. Herbert Brucker, our reviewer, is editor of the* Hartford Courant.

By Herbert Brucker

POSTWAR Americans have reason to know how right Tacitus was in his classic statement: "Rare have been the happy times when it was lawful to think what you wished, and to say what you thought." Things taken for granted in this country before 1914, indeed before Pearl Harbor, are now so much in question it is often best kept quiet about them. The climate of American thought and feeling has changed. As William L. Chenery observes in "Freedom of the Press": "In 1791 Americans with practical unanimity believed that it was wrong to ask men to testify against themselves." Today anyone who takes refuge behind the Fifth Amendment is guilty. Guilty of what—acts of treason, or just thinking differently from the rest of us? It is a question we do not often ask.

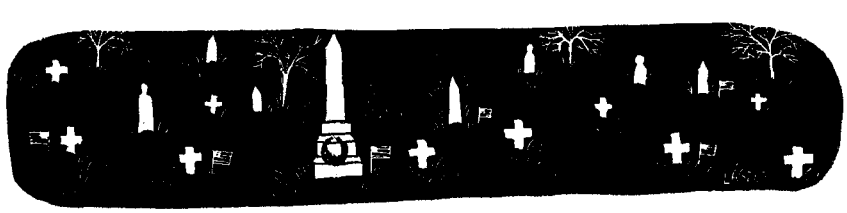
The title of Mr. Chenery's book is a misnomer, for it is concerned with far more than freedom of the press. It aims to bring the movies, radio, and TV under the shelter of the First Amendment. It urges the men who run these industries to have the guts that the pioneers of the press had, promising them that if they do no one will challenge their right to be as free as the press, a right already partly won for them through such modern reinterpretations of classic freedom as the Supreme Court's decision in "The Miracle" case. The book is indeed still more than a defense of freedom in the communications media as a whole. It is a primer of freedom, written in the knowledge that there can be no freedom of the press without the other religious, political, and civil freedoms, any more than one can have these other freedoms without freedom of the press.

If Mr. Chenery says little that is new, it sounds new, and it is heartening to have him say it. For the great truths of Anglo-Saxon freedom that once were platitudes now seem virtually subversive. Take Thomas Jefferson's classic: "If there be any among us who wish to dissolve this union, or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed, as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

We are hardly content to trust our security against Communism to freedom today. We no longer believe our fellow men will do right if they are left free. We are no longer sure that the disloyal will be impotent against men free to examine or preach all doctrines. So we depart ever further from the historic distinction between thinking and acting. We used to feel safest when leaving erring man free to think, to speak, and to write, just so long as he was swiftly and effectively dealt with when it came to action or the immediate danger of action. Now we want to make doubly sure, and in our fear we give away our strongest defense.

THE very first sentence in Mr. Chenery's book is this: "It begins to appear that freedom, basic American freedom, freedom to believe what you please, freedom to say what you please, freedom to print what you please, is going to be the next great issue." One wonders. One hears no great debate. Still, during the last year there has been an enormous improvement in the climate of freedom. And this is encouraging, even though we still have a long way to go before the sun of freedom again peeps over the horizon, and warms us once more with its direct rays.

This book should help it to come. Mr. Chenery is refreshingly American in his illumination of the truth that our latter-day patriots, in their zeal for suppression and ever more laws against ideas and utterances, are themselves unconsciously adopting the very core of the Communist doctrine we all hate.



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Ike at Home

"Meet Mr. Eisenhower," by Merriman Smith *(Harper. 308 pp. $3.50). is an informal portrait of the present incumbent of 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Here it is reviewed by Jack Steele, Washington correspondent for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.*

By Jack Steele

MERRIMAN SMITH's "Meet Mr. Eisenhower," the first full-length portrait of Dwight D. Eisenhower as President, is strictly informal. Always chatty and often witty, it is easy and entertaining reading. And it largely confirms the popular conception of a popular President.

As White House correspondent for the United Press Mr. Smith has covered Ike since midway in the 1952 campaign. While trailing the President hither and yon he collected a fund of anecdotes and trivia about the nation's first family with just this book in mind.

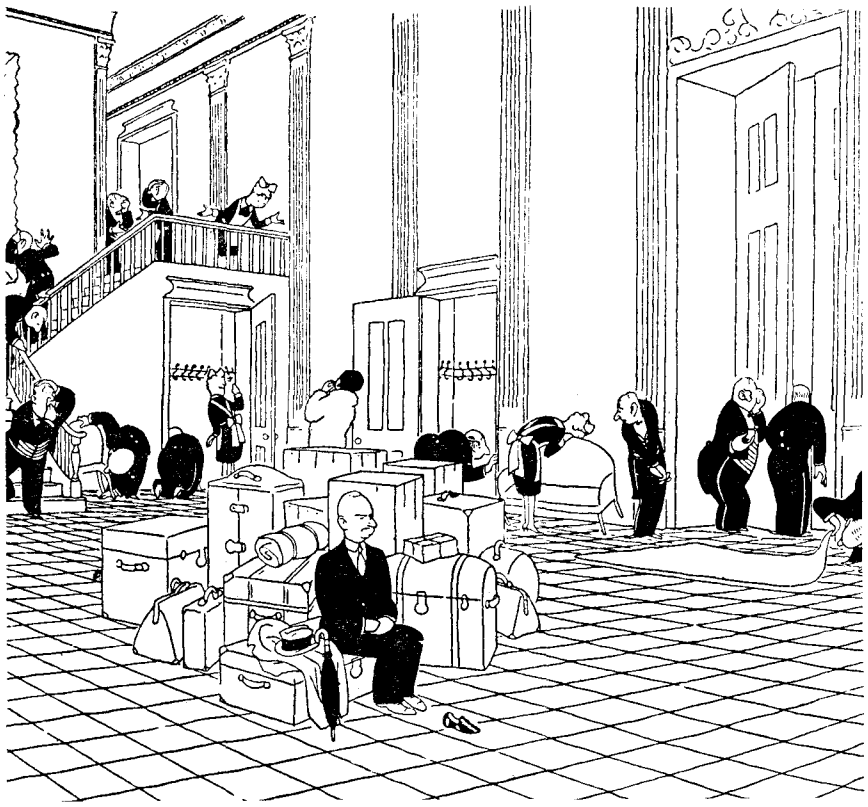
Wisely abjuring any premature judgments on Presidential accomplishments, Mr. Smith uses these minutiae to try to show what manner of man Mr. Eisenhower is and how he works and plays. Any reporter obviously is under some wraps in writing such a book about a President he intends to go on covering. Mr. Smith is no exception, but he manages to get most of Ike's warts into his portrait. Using deft writing touches to avoid offending White House sensibilities, he devotes a good share of his book to such politically touchy subjects as Mr. Eisenhower's golfing, fishing, religion, big-business friends, temper, and even Mamie's health. Nevertheless, the portrait of Mr. Eisenhower that emerges from this book is something less than intimate. For this Mr. Smith can scarcely be blamed.

Ike is not exactly chummy even with the reporters who dog his footsteps constantly. He is a little less shy with working newspapermen than he was two or three years ago, but is not and probably never will be as much at ease with them as were Harry Truman and Franklin Roosevelt. Hence Mr. Smith had to piece together his story from observations of the President on more or less public occasions and from what members of the White House staff—some of whom share their boss's reticence with the press—have to say about him. So some readers may put down this book with a feeling they have glimpsed Mr. Eisenhower as through a mirror, darkly. But it is likely to be the most intimate glimpse they will get until and unless someone like press secretary Jim Hagerty or Presidential assistant Sherman Adams turns out his memoirs.

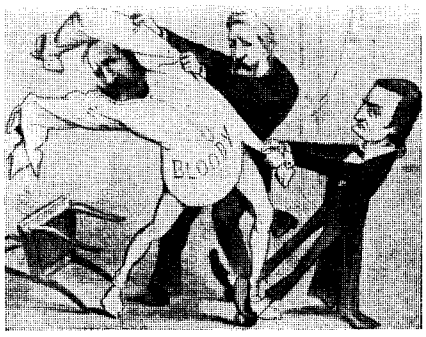
Mr. Smith, who should and does know what makes news, offers a hedged forecast that Ike in 1956 will run for his Gettysburg farm and retirement rather than for a second term. He feels "morally certain" that Mr. Eisenhower does not want another four years in the White House and will be more influenced by the desires of his wife and mother-in-law than by Republican politicians who are already clamoring for him to seek reelection.

Mr. Smith's hunch may be right, of course. But most reporters—and politicians—in Washington seem to think it is a safer bet today that Mr. Eisen-

(*Continued on page* 27)



Republican crisis: Gluyas Williams cartoon in 1928 was captioned, "Mr. Coolidge refuses point blank to vacate the White House until his other rubber is found."



Rutherford B. Hayes was caricatured (by a *Puck* cartoonist) for refusing to wave "bloody shirt" at South.

Horace Greeley, who favored liberal treatment of South, seemed at the time to be out on a limb in this 1872 cartoon.

100 YEARS OF GOP: The adamant fellows shown here are, as you can easily see, past great Republicans. Now their faces and their fortunes, along with those of many others, have been brought together in a fat and fascinating picture history, **"Grand Old Party,"** by M. B. Schnapper (Public Affairs Press, $6), a book which traces the whole course of the GOP from its founding in Ripon, Wis., in 1854 to the hairline elections of 1954.

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From Realism to Existentialism

"The Contemporary French Novel," by Henri Peyre *(Oxford University Press. 363 pp. $5), is a report and critique covering the past forty-five years. It is reviewed here by Laurent LeSage, professor of French at the Pennsylvania State University.*

By Laurent LeSage

"FOR a century and a half," Henri Peyre reminds us in his new book, "The Contemporary French Novel," "the novel has been king of Western literature." Perhaps this pushes back too far, if it makes the novel king during the Romantic period. But its reign has been long, no one will deny, and during the last hundred years it has steadily grown stronger and richer at the expense of poetry, the theatre, and the essay. The wealth it has acquired in France during the last twenty-five years is exhibited and evaluated by M. Peyre, the "dean" of French professors in America and our foremost interpreter of contemporary French literature.

The vast undertakings of the nineteenth-century French Realists to depict society and reveal the laws that govern it are continued by their successors in our times: Martin du Gard, whose novels constitute the best history of the Third Republic; Duhamel, who wrote the saga of Salavin, the Mr. Nobody of the between-wars period; Jules Romains, the inventor of "unanimism" and the novelist who comes closest to being the Balzac or Zola of our age. But more significant writers have put the scrutiny of the human heart above social studies. "Man is more interesting than men," Gide declared, and from his soul-searchings has sprung a great modern literature of *moralistes* who, making sincerity the *unum necessarium,* have profoundly altered our ethical notions. Marcel Proust shattered the classic concept of man and gave writers a new orientation to personality and the affective states. Psychology, along with style, has long distinguished French literature in the eyes of the world. The twentieth century has done honor to this proud tradition. Since 1930, however, neither Realism nor psychology has been able to contain literary ambitions. From Malraux to Sartre the novelist today is a philosopher or metaphysician in fiction, who makes of the art which was once storytelling a means of probing the dilemmas of being, of man's freedom, and his responsibility in life. The novel, in making itself supreme among literary genres, has gradually assumed all the functions, including the loftiest, of all other forms of communication and expression.

To take stock of the developments in contemporary French fiction and present his findings to American readers was a task that Henri Peyre, by virtue of his position among us, could scarcely shirk. No one in the field has read more or has a surer eye for literary trend and pattern; no one has had more experience or a happier knack of presenting an alien literature to Americans in their own terms.

He has put himself to the task with professional competence and thoroughness. First he cuts back deeply into the fundamental nature of the French novel as such and traces its historical growth. Then, to situate in proper perspective "the French novelists who appear to be the most significant in the literature of the last twenty-five years," he examines the fiction of the 1910-1930 period and singles out those writers who have survived, at least in their works, into more recent times. Martin du Gard, Duhamel, Romains, Radiguet, Proust, and Gide warrant particular analysis. Of the writers to attain prominence after 1930 Mauriac, Giono, Saint-Exupéry, Malraux, Sartre and the Existentialists are each reviewed in a chapter apiece and judged according to their nature and merit. The last two chapters are devoted to the American influence upon the postwar French novel and "the present temper in France judged through French literature." In the appendix there is a useful critical dictionary of French writers of today, a list of English translations of contemporary French novels, and a bibilography of general studies on the novel.

—*Alburtus—Yale News Bureau.*

Henri Peyre—"elegant sweep."

WE HAVE here an indispensable handbook, or a course, one might say, designed "specifically for the enlightened American public, in and outside the universities." As such, it does not strive for great originality either in point of view or method. The interpretations and evaluations are usually the accepted ones. Not that M. Peyre lacks independence of mind or even personal prejudice. One may question, for example, whether Jean Giono deserves a place in the rigorously selected gallery of full portraits. Or whether Bernanos and Colette should have been excluded. M. Peyre does not hesitate to speak out when he thinks the importance of a writer like Saint-Exupéry, the object of a cult, is exaggerated. But in every case he gives his own reasons and recognizes the existence of other points of view. It is hard to quarrel and quibble before such forthrightness. In method M. Peyre has avoided over-technical analyses and restricted critical approaches, which he quite rightly finds incompatible with the intention of his book.

The same moderate and steady hand steers him through the ever-present problems of literature: whether arts and letters are in the spirit of the age that produces them, the importance of an artist's "thought," the question of artistic plagiarism. Too, he deals fairly with his subject. Without shielding its weaknesses from foreign eyes, he defends it when it appears unjustly attacked. Thus he argues for the morality of the French novel, widely condemned—or advertised—as immoral; for the constructive attitude of Existentialist literature, frequently dismissed as unhealthy pessimism. His appraisal of the "Ecole de Paris" avoids both the delirious enthusiasm and the mockery that Sartre and company have evoked on both sides of the Atlantic.

Last but not least among the merits of this book is its easy and graceful style. Those who heard the lectures from which it was built will agree that Professor Peyre uses English with the facility of a native—and with twice the speed. In print we can keep him to our own poky pace and examine as leisurely as we choose this broad and elegant sweep of the contemporary French novel.

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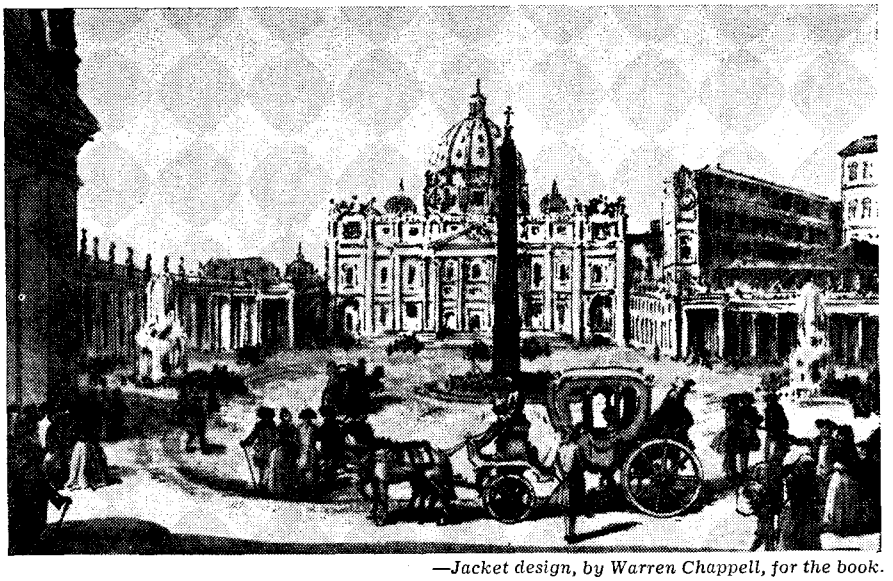

—*Jacket design, by Warren Chappell, for the book.*

St. Peter's in Rome—". . . astonishing riches of experience."

The Hardy Biographer Abroad

"Boswell on the Grand Tour: Italy, Corsica, and France, 1765-1766," edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle *(McGraw-Hill. 356 pp. $5.50), the third volume in the Yale edition of James Boswell's papers, offers more of the young Scot's account of his travels. Our reviewer is Robert Halsband, author of a forthcoming biography of Lady Mary Montagu.*

By Robert Halsband

BETWEEN the time James Boswell sailed from England in August 1763 and returned in February 1766 he ran through astonishing riches of experience. The first two volumes of the Yale edition of his private papers exhibited him in Holland, then in Germany and Switzerland. Now he concludes his tour in the most brilliant and varied volume of all, "Boswell on the Grand Tour: Italy, Corsica, and France, 1765-1766."

In Italy he pursued the customary activities of a young Briton on the Grand Tour. He studied the language, visited the galleries, and mused among the ruins. His opinions on art were sometimes quaint, as when he saw Michelangelo's Moses and wrote: "Beard too long; horns, though sacred, yet ludicrous as like satyr; rest of the figure superb." Sightseeing was only one of his diversions; lovemaking was far more intriguing, and challenging. Upper-class women were allowed a great deal of sexual freedom, but certain formalities kept it from degenerating to mere promiscuity. Knowing of the freedom, the callow Scot attempted to win his ladies by direct rapid attack, and in the sparkling comedy that ensued his failures were frequent and his successes few. One elderly Venetian lady, for example, answered his impetuous proposal by saying "that she would not wish to take on a good cook that she could keep only a fortnight, for fear of suffering too much when she lost him." He was too changeable, he later admitted to another lady, and wished he were a Turk, for he would have been a very good sultan.

But his amorous career, including venereal disease, was only one phase of his Italian tour. He argued, speculated, and philosophized ("I am a skeptic. But a devout one."); he cultivated a new friendship with Lord Bute's son and an old one with John Wilkes, Lord Bute's political enemy; he looked for every possible opportunity to exercise his sensibility and enlarge his experience; he counseled himself, in vain, to be prudent and *retenu*—in short, he devoured life with superhuman gusto, and then described it with superhuman detail and candor.

As always he sought the company of notables. He had an audience with the Pope, but could only make small talk. When he returned to England—this volume prints the journal of his first eleven days there—he resumed former friendships. The exiled Rousseau he found oldish and weak, incapable of rousing his enthusiasm. But Dr. Johnson hugged him like a sack, and grumbled, "I hope we shall pass many years of regard." At Court, when he was presented to the King, His Majesty asked only one question: "Lately come over?" To balance that sally he won admittance to the great William Pitt, and recorded their spirited conversation.

BUT he achieved his greatest *coup* in gaining the friendship of his most heroic hero, General Pascal Paoli. "I had got upon a rock in Corsica," he told the General many years later, "and jumped into the middle of life." The beleaguered island, trying to win its independence from Genoa, was certainly not a stop on the conventional tour, but he realized that a published account of it and its gallant leader would be a great journalistic scoop. For six weeks he stayed on the island gathering his material. His rewards were another hero for his pantheon, a popular book (in 1768), a cause to embrace, and a fancy-dress costume to wear. For this pivotal section on Corsica the editors have been forced to use Boswell's printed journal simply because the private manuscript, if there ever was such, does not survive.

Yet, in a curious way, the use of such a wide range of materials adds depth to the portrait of Boswell—who, after all, is the object always in view. It is as though the hardy Scot were stuffed into a kaleidoscope, and then the tube rotated so that his colors, dimensions, proportions change before our eyes. One of the oddest bits of evidence describes his journey from Paris to London, when he escorted Rousseau's mistress-housekeeper and enlivened the nights with lovemaking. The journal-pages containing this singular episode were destroyed before the manuscripts were brought to this country, but they are reconstructed through the fresh memory of Colonel Ralph Isham, who had read them before. One of Boswell's literary executors had labeled it "Reprehensible Passage"; our Kinseyan Age is less squeamish.

The editors of this volume have done a superb job of arranging the text, bridging the divisions with clear commentary, and providing—with a few exceptions—relevant notes. It is no reflection on their work to wonder about the research edition of the papers. In 1950, when the project was begun with much fanfare, there were high hopes. Now, with five volumes of the trade edition in print, will a research volume really appear next year, as the publishers tentatively promise?

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Notes

ABC'S OF AMERICAN LIT: Good reference books in literature are useful to the student, the general reader, and the puzzle fan. The "Oxford Companion to American Literature," by James D. Hart, covers its subject with encyclopedic thoroughness, and for fuller biographies of contemporary writers there is "Twentieth Century Authors," by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycroft. Hence it is puzzling to understand the purpose of the newly published **"Concise Dictionary of American Literature,"** edited by Robert Fulton Richards (Philosophical Library, $5). "What is important and meaningful in the study of American literature?" is his theoretical goal.

True enough the book is concise, with only 300 excessively margined pages. But almost all the entries are biographical sketches, and far fewer than one finds in the other two reference books. Mr. Richards handles them well enough, in a clean, competent style. (But why is he listed as editor when he is obviously the sole author?) Some of his choices are eccentric: he gives a full entry to Ludwig Bemelmans and omits W. H. Auden; he omits Fannie Hurst and compliments his academic mentor with an entry. The best feature of the book are four longish entries—essays, in fact—sketching the progress of American criticism, drama, poetry, and the novel. In these Mr. Richards shows a conservative, enlightened attitude. Twenty-five glossy full-page portraits of past and present authors add nothing to the book except bulk.

—Robert Halsband.

TRAGIC, GIFTED SISTERS: The seemingly indefatigable Muriel Spark has added to her numerous volumes (on Mary Shelley, Emily Brontë, *et al.*) an edition of **"The Letters of the Brontës"** (University of Oklahoma Press, $3.75). The title is somewhat deceptive, for the majority of the 130 letters culled from the voluminous Brontë correspondence are by Charlotte. But the selections nevertheless constitute the history of the gifted and tragic family. Fluent if not always distinguished, the bulk of Charlotte's letters are to her confidante, Ellen Nussey, between 1833 and 1855. Also interspersed are letters to such figures as Southey, Wordsworth, De-Quincey, and Mrs. Gaskell; to Charlotte's publishers, G. H. Lewes and W. S. Williams; and to M. Héger, the Belgian teacher in whose school she taught. The torments of imperfect faith beset her, so that she could confess, "My heart is a real hot-bed for sinful thoughts. . . . I know not how to pray"; and her fearful if short-lived attraction to Catholicism. Perhaps even more poignant is her continuing distress over the decline of her wastrel brother Branwell, and the anguish of witnessing the deaths of Branwell, Emily, and Anne in a space of less than a year. "Papa has now me only—the weakest puniest, least promising of his six children."

But there are a few happier notes about the literary activities of the three sisters—the "Messrs. Bell"—and Charlotte's marriage in 1854 (only a half year before her own death) to Arthur Bell Nicholls. The tragedy is intensified by several letters from Branwell to magazine editors, to Wordsworth, and to Hartley Coleridge. Some of them, desperately sententious appeals for recognition, help to explain the frustration that drove him to dissolution. Sad reading though this volume is, it affords an illuminating view of one of the most remarkable families in English literature.

—Edward A. Bloom.

Maugham's Choice

NOT so long ago Mr. W. Somerset Maugham, a writer of no mean ability himself, was asked to select what he thought were the world's ten greatest novels. He did, and later he published serially in a magazine his defense of his choice of the following: Fielding's "Tom Jones," Jane Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," Stendhal's "Le Rouge et Le Noir," Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights," Balzac's "Le Père Goriot," Dickens's "David Copperfield," Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," Melville's "Moby Dick," Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," and Tolstoy's "War and Peace." Mr. Maugham has now greatly enlarged and revised these critiques and published them as a book, **"The Art of Fiction"** *(Doubleday, $4.50). That he has now found some faults as well as virtues in both them and their authors is proved by the following excerpts:*

On Fielding and "Tom Jones": "Thackeray marveled that Fielding could have carried all the structure [of this novel] in his brain before he began to put it on paper. I don't believe that he did anything of the sort. . . . I think it much more probable that, with the main lines of his novel in his mind, Fielding invented the incidents as he went along. For the most part they are happily devised. Fielding was as little concerned with probability as the picaresque novelists who wrote before him, and the most unlikely events occur, the most outrageous coincidences bring people together; yet he bustles you along with such gusto that you have hardly time, and in any case little inclination, to protest. The characters are painted in primary colors with a slap-dash bravura, and if they somewhat lack subtlety, they make up for it by animation."

On Jane Austen and "Pride and Prejudice": "All the greatest novelists . . . have had models from whom they created their characters. It is true that Jane said: 'I am too proud of my gentlemen to admit that they were only Mr. A. or Colonel B.' There the significant word is *only*. As with every other novelist, by the time her imagination had worked on the person who had suggested the character he was to all intents and purposes her own creation; but that is not to say that he was not evolved from an original Mr. A. or Colonel B."

On Stendhal and "Le Rouge et le Noir": One would think that of all the gifts a novelist needs invention on a large scale is the most essential. This gift Stendhal almost completely lacked. . . . Just as when in his youth he wanted to become a famous dramatist he could never think of an idea on which to construct a play, when it came to writing novels it looks as though he was unable to evolve a plot out of his own head."

On Dickens and "David Copperfield": "If Falstaff is the greatest comic character in literature Mr. McCawber is the greatest but one."

On Flaubert and "Madame Bovary": "The great novelists . . . had what we are accustomed to call inspiration. It is only in a scene here and there that you feel that Flaubert had it; for the rest he seems to have depended on sheer hard work, the advice and suggestions of Bouilhet, and his own acuteness of observation. . . . It is strange that so great a work should have been produced . . . by almost pure ratiocination."

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AMERICANA

Disaster in the Rockies

—Jacket design, by Irwin Shope.

***"The Men and the Mountain," by William Brandon** (William Morrow. 337 pp. $5), is an account of Frémont's fourth and tragic expedition through the Colorado Rockies. David Lavender, who reviews it here, has written several books on the American West, including "Bent's Fort."*

By David Lavender

RECENT books about the West have tended to swing a wide loop, embracing long reaches of time or territory. Often they attain in their sweep an admirable sense of the scope and urgency of our continental expansion. But there are also times when the separate parts of the whole lose, through sheer lack of detail, something of their original dramatic impact.

The restoration of full perspective to one of the West's extraordinary misadventures—the appalling ordeal which visited John Charles Frémont's fourth expedition as it searched for a railroad pass through the Colorado Rockies during the winter of 1848-1849—is the burden of William Brandon's fine study of defeat, "The Men and the Mountain." The story is an old and controversial one, but Mr. Brandon gives it new force.

By enlarging on the circumstances that sent the expedition on its way: by pointing up the relentless details of temperature and wind, and by relating the logistics of mule feeding to those details; by studying the mountain topography as it actually loomed before the exhausted men. Mr. Brandon achieves a tension not lessened by the fact that the outcome is known. Indeed, the knowledge of the conclusion lends its own awe as the narrative marches as inexorably as a Greek tragedy toward its fated end. For the end was fated. As Mr. Brandon demonstrates, the particular circumstances of that particularly bitter winter, rather than avoidable human errors, were the primary agents of disaster.

Frémont fares better in this account than has been popular custom of late. This is not to say that Mr. Brandon is an apologist for the man. He puts Frémont into the context of his age, an incurable romantic in a romantic era (and then somewhat overwrites the thesis as he belabors it all the way West to failure on the mountaintop). He shows the genesis of the trek in Frémont's almost psychopathic drive to restore to his name the luster it had lost after his courtmartial for insubordination to Kearny in California—an unjust verdict, the author argues in one of his valuable notes. This drive, Mr. Brandon indicates, mastered Frémont so completely that the man could even deny defeat in the face of the howling blizzards and cruelly order his shattered forces to drag their now useless baggage back down the mountain in the insane hope that he could still secure fresh mules from Taos and try again.

Not Frémont, however, but the expeditionary force as a whole is Mr. Brandon's main character. Here the author is at his graphic best in describing the iron routine that welded three dozen individuals into a unit; in painting the monotonies of travel on the plains, broken by the electric verve of buffalo hunting; in bringing alive the exasperations and crises entailed in keeping the party's hundred-odd mules always moving forward.

A strange, quixotic selflessness fueled this flesh-and-blood machine. Only one man turned back even when the full potentials of the approaching struggle had become apparent. On short rations the others cheerfully followed their leader through the snows of the Wet Mountain and Sangre de Cristo ranges, out into the sub-zero bleakness of southern Colorado's San Luis Valley.

THE route by which the party endeavored to leave the valley makes no sense if one examines it on a library map. Mr. Brandon, however, studies the veerings in terms of tired men needing game and shelter, hounded by the stark knowledge that their livestock could last only a few days longer. Under such pressures, mistakes were inevitable. In this perspective the long controversy over whether the ultimate error lay in Frémont's egotism or in the weary eccentricities of his guide, Old Bill Williams, become unimportant.

The amazing thing is that the expedition got as far as it did. But when defeat at last became inescapable, 12,000 feet high on storm-lashed ridges, moral disintegration was immediate. Not the least of the tragedy, which slowly killed nearly a third of the party, lies in the fragmentation of what had earlier been so shining and courageous an entity. Mr. Brandon tells the collapse admirably—so admirably that one could wish he would always let his prose stand on its own feet, without the epigrammatic props to which he occasionally resorts. ("People are more complicated than poems" and "History is a recognition of relatedness," are two examples lifted, perhaps unfairly, out of context.)

Mr. Brandon, so far as I know, is the only writer of a major work on Frémont who has actually traced out the fourth expedition's trail and has visited its starvation campsites. To his knowledge of the country he has added a careful examination of the documents left by the members of the group and their contemporaries. His skilful, dispassionate approach suggests what can be done with some of the other controversial dramas of our Western history—what will, perhaps, be done by William Brandon himself.

Key Pattern

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

THERE is an inner patterning
of mind,
A scroll with which the circling
wall is lined,
Giving our sense a Geometric
border,
A Grecian key meandering in
order:
A theme, a scene, recurring then
retreating,
The sequence of a time and place
repeating
In process of design. And we
aware
How deathlessly we always have
been there
May call it memory; it is not so.
But the returning unit moving
slow,
Our constant quantity, the home
we seek,
Haunting a fretwork stringent as
the Greek.

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The Long, Wild Line

"The Great Reconnaissance," by Edward S. Wallace *(Little, Brown. 288 pp. $5), is an account of the great and dramatic enterprise that was necessary to survey the 2,500-mile boundary between the U. S. and Mexico in the last century. Here it is reviewed by Frank Waters, author of "The Colorado" and other books about the West.*

By Frank Waters

AT THE end of the highly profitable Mexican War, the United States acquired by terms of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo almost half of the territory of the Republic of Mexico (including Texas)—an area that comprises today nearly half of the continental United States. This vast domain was a mysterious wilderness sparsely dotted with a few isolated Spanish settlements, traversed only by tribes of marauding Indians and wild animals, and little known save by a few mountain men and early explorers.

It was imperative that a new U.S.-Mexico boundary be established by a survey 2,500 miles in extent—one of the longest ever undertaken; and that the great area within it then be explored, surveyed, and mapped. In short, a great reconnaissance of the unknown wilderness of western America. The immense task was substantially accomplished in thirteen years, between the end of the Mexican War in 1848 and the beginning of the Civil War in 1861. It was done under the direction of a small group of men comprising the U. S. Corps of Topographical Engineers, who enlisted naturalists, artists, scientists, soldiers, sailors, Indian scouts, guides, muleteers, camel-drivers, and a rousing assortment of rock-bottom adventurers from all over the world.

Their achievement is the title and subject of Edward S. Wallace's book, "The Great Reconnaissance." On the whole he has done an excellent job. It is no small task to squeeze into 288 readable pages one of the most interesting, complex, and significant eras in the fabulous history of half-a-country that in one century has been transformed from an unbroken wilderness into the modern commonwealth it is today.

The main outlines of his narrative are long familiar to a public ever growing more engrossed with its background. We read again of the establishment of the international boundary and the squabble over El Paso. There is another summary of the establishment of the main trails of westward expansion that became our present transcontinental railroad routes: the 32nd parallel route followed by the Southern Pacific and Texas Pacific; the 35th parallel route of the present Santa Fe Railroad; the 38th parallel line followed through the Rockies by the Denver and Rio Grande; the Oregon Trail that marked the line of the Union Pacific; and the extreme northern route now used by the Northern Pacific and Great Northern.

FAMILIAR names, places, and events appear: Whipple, Simpson, Sitgreaves, Frémont; Egloffstein and Mollhauser the artists, Carvalho the photographer, Mangis Colorado the Apache chief; Lieutenant Ives's laughable trip up the Colorado in the steel steamboat *Explorer,* and the massacre of 120 immigrants at Mountain Meadows by Mormon renegades.

What adds interest to the present book are the innumerable sidelights that the author has exhumed by careful research. He not only details the fabulous experiment of using camels to cross the Southwest deserts, but he reports the engrossing search for and purchase of the camels in Smyrna and the manner of shipping them across the sea. The Mexican junkets of John Russell Bartlett, a bookdealer who became the boundary commissioner, are a positive delight to read. We glimpse Carvalho developing daguerrotype plates, on the spot, while standing up to his waist in snow, watch the mammoth Christmas Eve celebration at what is now the site of Flagstaff, Arizona, hear Mojave Indian women howling with glee at sight of the men's "copious" beards.

"I never conceived that there could be such country," wrote young Echols. Nor will there ever be again. These are intimate glimpses from old records that bring back to us again the deep solitude, the pristine purity, barbaric splendor, and inconceivable vastness of a country which, all too soon for our own good, fell to man's swiftest and most ruthless conquest.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MODICUMS OF DIFFERENCE

Fannie Gross of Asheville, North Carolina, presents on the left ten pairs of titles which are tantalizingly similar. Can you match them with the proper pairs of authors listed on the right? Allowing ten points for each correct tie-up, a score of sixty is a link, seventy a pair of links, and eighty or better a daisy chain. Answers on page 26.

1. "Candida"
   "Candide"
2. "Father and Son"
   "Fathers and Sons"
3. "Gone With the Wind"
   "Gone With the Windsors"
4. "Good-bye, Mr. Chips"
   "Good-bye, Mr. Chippendale"
5. "No Name"
   "No Hero"
6. "Romola"
   "Ramona"
7. "The Golden Bough"
   "The Golden Bowl"
8. "The Native's Return"
   "The Return of the Native"
9. "The Ugly Duckling"
   "The Ugly Duchess"
10. "The Virginian"
    "The Virginians"

(..) George Eliot
Helen Hunt Jackson

(..) George Bernard Shaw
Voltaire

(..) Sir James G. Frazer
Henry James

(..) Hans Christian Andersen
Lion Feuchtwanger

(..) Louis Adamic
Thomas Hardy

(..) Margaret Mitchell
Iles Brody

(..) Wilkie Collins
John P. Marquand

(..) Owen Wister
William M. Thackeray

(..) James Hilton
T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings

(..) James T. Farrell
Ivan Turgenev

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On the Do-It-Yourself Shelf

If you've joined the national do-it-yourself movement, to keep yourself a member in good standing you'll want to know about the latest and best books. In the article below Milton L. Zisowitz, himself a devoted do-it-yourselfer, surveys the past year's product. For an excellent annotated listing of books published longer ago that are still in print SR *suggests you consult "How-To-Do-It Books: A Selected Guide," by Robert E. Kingery (R. R. Bowker, $4.50).*

By Milton L. Zisowitz

EVER since the Industrial Revolution took the worker's eye off the finished product and focused it on the time clock Man has been groping for ways to express the creator that is in each of us. Division of labor means division of satisfaction; rows of new cars, pop-up toasters, and televised images of Arthur Godfrey, all attractive, inexpensive, and identical, have proved to be no substitute for the solid joys of craftsmanship. Such is the fragmentation of human effort in modern industry and business that even many high executives derive small satisfaction from their jobs; top-level decisions as well as minute machine processes are now largely group efforts, and there is little room in them for virtuosity.

During the last half dozen years, as a direct result of these frustrations—as well as the "leisure time" afforded by the five-day week and the high cost of skilled labor which that same Industrial Revolution has given us—Americans have turned to home carpentry, painting, decoration, and handicrafts with an eagerness that has created a new multi-billion-dollar business. This somewhat awkwardly dubbed "do-it-yourself" industry now supplies tools and materials for the more than twelve million home workshops which form a retail sales market of about $3.5 billion dollars a year. Household power tools get eighty million dollars of this, which is thirteen times what their sales were five years ago, and it is expected that they will eventually sell at the rate of 200 million dollars a year. Producers of lumber, insulation, floor and ceiling materials, foam rubber, plastics, and cement are feeling a tremendous boom in sales which can be attributed only to home craftsmen and repairers. As much as 75 per cent of all paint and 60 per cent of wall-paper sales are now accounted for in this way.

America's writers and publishers are eager to help Man find his way through the do-it-yourself jungle. A sampling of the recent books in this field show that they have neglected no aspect of the tinkerer's elementary or postgraduate education. They range in subject from hand tools to machines, from simple home repairs to building construction, and from house painting to the psychological and social aspects of color. And lest a man's preoccupation with the problems of the workshop threaten to disrupt his family life there are books designed to appease the wife and children by luring them into interesting and useful hobbies of their own.

THE beginner should be warned that some do-it-yourself authors love to present complicated projects. Before the novice carpenter tackles any of these he should take his basic training from Kendall T. Bassett's **"The Pleasures of Woodworking"** (Simon & Schuster, $2.95). Beginning with the selection, care, and use of ordinary hand tools, the author shows how to perform the elementary carpentering operations involved in making simple furniture and household accessories. Much credit for the clarity of these instructions must go to the illustrator, Alexander Williams. Cleverly utilizing two colors, the artist did the drawings from the viewpoint of the working carpenter, so that the reader can see on the page what he will actually see on the bench. Since Mr. Bassett believes that the craftsman should be his own designer he does not furnish detailed plans and specifications. Instead, he suggests ideas, procedures, and shortcuts in the hope that the reader will be inspired to create his own designs. After he exhausts the possibilities of hand tools the home carpenter usually succumbs to the seductions of the tool catalogues and buys an assortment of power tools. Although Mr. Bassett devotes the second half of his book to a good discussion of power tools, a more comprehensive, but also more technical, treatment of this subject appears in Edwin G. Hamilton's **"Power Tools for the Home Craftsman"** (McGraw-Hill, $4.95). Mr. Hamilton starts by telling the reader which are the most important tools and what to look for when he shops for them. He then provides, in perhaps more detail than the amateur needs, detailed instructions for the installation, care, and operation of each tool. The sections on the circular saw, the lathe, and the drill press—three of the most popular and useful power tools for home use—are especially good. The professional tricks of the trade that the author describes and adapts for amateur use should suggest to the home craftsman many uses for his equipment and should

(*Continued on page* 26)

—*By Brickman, for "Do It Yourself" (Gilbert Press).*

"Now here's one that separates the men from the boys."

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The Saturday Review

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Some Thoughts on Juvenile Delinquency

THE daily papers are full of it. Bad kids. Burglary. Rape. Murder. A sixteen-year-old boy shoots his mother, father, and his sister because they wouldn't let him use the car on Saturday night. A gang of boys murder a nurse and can't even say why they did it—not poor kids—kids from apparently normal families. The mother and father, brought into court, say, "We didn't know. We didn't know where he went or who he was with."

The kids run in gangs. The Scarlet Cavaliers. The Shining Knights. They manufacture pistols, carry switchknives and use them. They are loyal to nothing except the gang. They rarely tell on each other. When after a tragic series of events a boy finally reaches the end, kills someone, he says, "Get it over with. Put me away. Give me the chair!" Young girls long gone in harlotry grin defiantly. "It's my life. Let me alone." And always the parents: "We didn't know. We thought everything was all right." Either that or else, "I couldn't do a thing with the child."

Now it must have occurred to the experts that the reason for all this might be larger than children and the causes inherent in the total life of today. There doesn't seem to be much doubt that juvenile delinquency as we know it is a comparatively recent manifestation.

Let us start with this fact—a strange fact. If I own a dog and that dog bites someone I am responsible. If my bull or pig destroys property I am held for the damage, but if my son cuts up theatre seats or robs a store or commits a murder I am not responsible. And, furthermore, my son does not feel responsible to me. When he says, "Let's get it over with. Send me to the chair," he's absolutely alone.

It is popular at the present time to look down our noses at the Middle Ages. We have outgrown their savagery. We also have overlooked some of their virtues. In feudal law everyone was responsible for something. Every member of the family was responsible for every other member. In the village this same responsibility obtained. If a child committed a crime his whole family was affected, even punished, and even if his father and mother were not punished they were dishonored. But the reverse was also true. The group took honor from an honorable deed of one of its members. Everyone belonged to something, something powerful. A child could not say that lonely, cold thing—"Get it over. Hang me."—because his deed, whatever it was, affected his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, his cousins. He was less likely to act violently if his act destroyed everything he loved and respected. Not only was the child responsible to the family, but the family and the village were responsible to and for the child. A father, then, who said he didn't know what his son was up to would have been laughed out of court. He was supposed to know. He had to know. His failure to know brought punishment not only on himself but on the whole group.

Now we are prone to consider such mutual responsibilities as savage and barbaric. But what have we substituted? Perhaps we have a longing for it. Maybe delinquency stems from just exactly this. The kids not finding it at home and apparently needing it build gangs to which they give their loyalty and their courage. They fight for one another, lie for one another, even kill for one another. Could this not be because it is the only thing they have?

THE ends of a delinquent gang may be wrong but there are virtues too. Virtues which find no exercise anywhere else. I believe that a child, or a young man or woman, wants to feel responsible to a group and wants to feel that a group is responsible for him. When a father says, "I didn't know," isn't that a partial admission that he didn't care? And the child who says "Hang me"—isn't that a cry that he lives and dies alone? There is no doubt that the practice of mutual responsibility caused many innocent people to be punished for things they had not done, but could not this possibility be the greatest deterrent in the world? Gangsters with murder in their hands weep over their mothers. If the mother might be in the next cell would the gun go off so surely?

There is a terrible need in people to be responsible. Certain units in the armed forces use this need to build heroic groups of which each member is a passionate unit. The kid gang protects its own and each member protects the gang. The family was once a thing like that. The kid gangs do dreadful things but the dreadful things require courage, sometimes pain, and a kind of dedication. The same virtues turned in another direction would be called heroic. The kid refusing to sing to the cops is a delinquent. The same kid refusing information to a military enemy is a hero.

If this loss of inter-responsibility is one of the main causes of our difficulty, and if it is to be restored, it cannot be soft or tender. The Army imposes it and at one time the law imposed it. The purpose in both cases is to make it possible for humans to live and function together.

I don't know whether my analysis is correct or not, but this I do know. People need responsibility. They resist assuming it, but they cannot get along without it.

I know this will cause cries of pain from the doctrinaires of the individual. I'm one such myself. But also I believe that man is a double thing—a group animal and at the same time an individual. And it occurs to me that he cannot successfully be the second until he has fulfilled the first.

It is something to think about anyway.

—J. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

S. F. OBJECTS TOO

As a San Franciscan I was subjected to mixed emotions when I read Mr. Cerf's criticism of the petty chiseling he experienced at the San Francisco airport [Trade Winds, *SR* Apr. 30]. While I regret the national publicity which this disclosure involves, at the same time I realize that publicity of this kind may arouse the public officials in San Francisco to do something about a matter which has been the subject of considerable annoyance to those San Franciscans who have been made aware of the condition which the column reflects.

Nat Schmulowitz.

San Francisco, Calif.

SPUTTERING COMMUTER

Not long ago the *Chronicle* carried a protest in the letters column and also an editorial—and the answer from headquarters was the utterly inane statement "It is felt justifiable to allow the concessionaire to raise the extra charges in the light of the expense to which he was put to make the installations." I commute, practically, between here and Elko, Nevada, and I take off and land here in a sputtering mood.

Lois Hesson.

San Francisco, Calif.

HUBBY JUSTIFIED

My frequent trips to San Francisco take me through *that airport*—I, too, refuse to conform. My wife thought I was being difficult. Now Mr. Cerf has justified my attitude.

R. David Davis.

Beverly Hills, Calif.

BACK TO KANSAS

Furthermore, those box lunches that cost $1.00 at the Kansas City airport cost $1.50 at the San Francisco airport. Everything is high at S. F., and the men's rooms are not conveniently located in that vast new structure. Nor is the service from S. F. to K. C. good—only one plane a day, a tourist one, packed to the limit.

Bill Lewin.

Maplewood, N. J.

S. F. SELF-INFATUATED

Have you forgotten the slogan of this most self-infatuated of cities: "The city that knows how"?

Mrs. Russell Roper.

San Francisco, Calif.

NEW YORK, TOO!

(1) Go down into the New York subway system sometime and get a five-cent candy bar for six cents.
(2) Only eight cents' worth of stamps come out of many New York stamp machines for a dime (nine cents out West).
(3) "Do-it-yourself" shows, etc., etc., ninety-five cents in New York, free to all comers in Wisconsin and points west.
(4) City Center Theatre refreshments bring twice their price inside the showhouse.
(5) Janitor, mailman, milkman, paperboy, elevator boy, etc., are paid by management in the West. Here the consumer kicks in the big hunk of pay in the form of a Christmas bonus.

Russell Shank.

New York, N. Y.

"Shine?"

PET PEEVE

I have a pet peeve right here in New York. Why should the Port Authority charge the poor cab drivers a quarter to get into the ramp and take on passengers? The public doesn't know that the cab driver is paying that quarter and with some of the local Long Island hauls they probably do not clear even that amount with a small tipper.

Robert W. Rieman.

New York, N.Y.

GRAND JURY NOT SO DEAD

It should give Mr. Cerf some satisfaction to know that his outrage at the prices charged at the airport is shared by the *official "busybodies" of this city*. The 1954 County Grand Jury, of which I was a member, had this to say on the subject: "The Grand Jury recommends that the Public Utilities Commission re-examine its contracts with the concessionaires at the new San Francisco International Airport, with a view toward downward adjustments in the prices charged for the various items. Trivial but irritating excessive charges, particularly for candy, cigarettes, paperback books, and other well-known staple-priced wares already are costing our city the good will of many travelers, and are giving a very distasteful impression to those arriving and departing. This situation should be remedied as soon as possible."

Nothing is deader than an expired Grand Jury. Its reports stagnate in the files while the new Jury tilts with other windmills. Nevertheless, I shall bring your complaint to the attention of the Public Utilities Commission and the 1955 Grand Jury. I have already mentioned it to the city editor of one of our local newspapers.

Claire Matzger.

San Francisco, Calif.

THE RETAILER SQUEEZED

Responsibility for these airport concessions is vested in the S. F. Public Utility Commission, which is a politically appointed group. Several months ago, when the airport opened for business, the successful concessionaires were forced to pay a large minimum rent against the highest percentage bids to win their space. The commission was unrealistic and shortsighted in not realizing that these high bids of 25 and 30 per cent of the gross sales would result in higher prices, shoddy merchandise, and poor service—and a hard struggle to exist on this basis.

As a retailer, I was interested in the gift and book stands until I was informed by the commission that several thousand dollars were required for the glamorizing of these stands, the building of the ceilings and floors (which were omitted!)—all of this necessitated a large capital outlay before business could even be started. The gift stand went to a high bidder from Denver, whose percentage was 25 per cent against the gross sales. These figures should give you an idea of what happens to the price structure of staple goods when one is forced to meet astronomical percentage rents.

Philip Anson.

San Francisco, Calif.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

OFF BROADWAY AND OFF-BROADWAY

BROADWAY is becoming an increasingly less important word in show business as only those producers with seemingly sure-shot commercial attractions continue to brave its hard conditions. Excluding three simplified-scenery semi-musical evenings, Broadway currently boasts nine musical comedies, eleven one-set plays and three plays with more than one set.

Against this not very adventurous picture, Off-Broadway now comprises a greater variety of attractions than ever before. First, there are the productions which might just as easily have been performed On-Broadway, had their producers envisaged a large enough potential audience for them. These include such welcome additions to the season as City Center's annual trio of musical-comedy revivals. While the production quality of the first two of these, "Guys and Dolls" and "South Pacific," is slightly more faded than the originals, and the singing is generally less sharp and powerful, William Hammerstein has staged them without compromise and some of the roles are better acted than they were by the first casts.

Downtown at the Phoenix an established star, Nancy Walker, is having the unique and pleasant experience of being rediscovered as a new performer in a revue titled "Phoenix 55." (Here again the show could have just as well been done on Broadway, except that revues are as expensive to operate as musical comedies and usually less popular.) Miss Walker, whom one remembers as wild and loud—a young Martha Raye—has now blossomed into a young Beatrice Lillie. Like Miss Lillie, she affects a superiority over her material—which in this case is not difficult. In the show's best sketch, a satire on Ed Murrow's affectedly calm interview of a couple with twenty-seven children, Miss Walker triumphs more by well-timed looks than by any of her lines. Also thanks to her there are a few upper-class moments in this mediocre revue about the middle-class.

A second kind of Off-Broadway theatre is that which takes place in the schools. The King-Coit Children's Theatre has revived its most famous production, "Aucassin and Nicolette," with a cast between the ages of four and twelve. As usual, the production details are hyperprofessional and the charm of these child performers is beguiling. Because they are always concentrating on carrying out gestures, or on remembering adult lines, they never indulge in the objectionable show-off antics associated with child performances. On opening night one of a pair of tiny pageboys went up on one of his lines, and on his return to the bench was greeted by the dirtiest look of admonishment ever received from a fellow actor.

The three-level setting with its dungeon and tower is designed from illuminations of thirteenth-century French manuscripts. It is a stunning job, making the actors seem like performing mice as they climb ladders, poke heads out of cellar windows, or fight a battle on movable wooden horses. Dressed in costumes of the period they poke affectionate fun at its romance and chivalry, with such overly formal responses as "That is even what irketh me." A diminutive woodsman with an unquenchably mercenary nature supplies a lovely contrast to the exaggeratedly high principles exemplified by the lovers.

Another distinguished school performance is Sanford Meisner's production of the late James Bridie's "Jonah and the Whale" at the Neighborhood Playhouse. While the title role is acted with unfortunate ponderousness, the production reveals an exciting young acting student named Tammy Lee Grimes who plays with seductive clownishness.

Perhaps the most truly Off-Broadway in spirit of all is an avant-garde group, titled Tempo Productions. In a small theatre at 4 St. Marks Place. these young literates are offering Gertrude Stein's "Three Sisters Who Are Not Sisters" and Jean Genet's "The Maids." The Stein playlet is a cruel charade by children who are not children, and the Genet piece is a surprisingly moving presentation of two housemaids who indulge in sadistic-masochistic play-acting of the mistress-servant relationship. While Genet may be interested in the notion of actors acting other actors who act characters acting other characters, and in being and not-being, the play on a simpler level seems to hit at the heart of the internal agony caused by the lies society obliges many of us to live. "The Maids" is interesting to compare with Tennessee Williams's "27 Wagons Full of Cotton," both of which recognize the perverse violence and compulsion toward evil that attend man's desperate play-acting of gentility.

—HENRY HEWES.

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TV AND RADIO

YOUNG AT START

NEWS NOTE: *"The National Broadcasting Company has begun a multi-million dollar search for young, fresh comedy writers in colleges, universities, affiliated stations, and Little Theatres aimed at refurbishing the fund of comedy material from which the comedians are constantly called upon to draw for their sempiternal television appearances."*

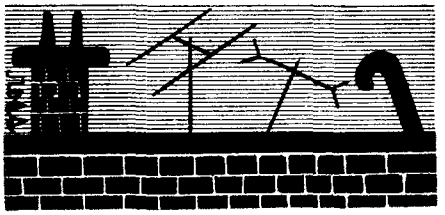
DEAR Young, Fresh Comedy Writer:

Now that the first flush of elation has suffused your young, fresh cheeks, and you have rushed nervously to your typewriter to end the interminable period of gestation which has wracked your young, fresh body as you sat impatiently night upon night, year upon year before your TV set, crying out for your chance to labor in the cause of finer creation, I thought perhaps a word or two might be in order from an old, stale comedy writer who was, alas, in years long gone by, a young, fresh comedy writer like yourself.

At the outset let me say that NBC has at last come up with the first really progressive step in television programming, because without material even a great comedian is like a Stradivarius without a Mendelssohn concerto—just a lot of gut. And to help you retain most of yours during your new-found career I offer for your close inspection a few of the pitfalls into which you will soon clamber headlong. I hope to cushion the descent just a little.

First you should become acquainted with the attitude of most comedians toward comedy writers. Perhaps it is best demonstrated by the greeting of a certain comedian who shall be nameless—Fat Jack Nameless—who when he meets a comedy writer always says: "Who are you writing against this season?"

With perhaps three or four exceptions comedians think of their writers as the enemy, and the clatter of their typewriters as machine-guns bent on mowing them down. Every joke is examined with suspicion for hidden meaning, straight lines are counted and scrutinized as a plot to keep the comedian from getting laughs, your quips apportioned to other members of the cast are maniacally designed to detract from the star, and your bright, sage observations on the American scene are intended to confuse the audience in the studio by making them think.



And should you be fortunate enough to become involved with the few excepted comedians who are more kindly disposed toward comedy writers you will soon find yourself embroiled with agency and network executives who will acquaint you with the three R's of comedy creation: 'Riting, Rating, and Residuals.

The writing that goes into a comedy show is reflected in the rating that show gets in the surveys. That is true only if the rating is low. If the rating is high it reflects the talent of the comedian. When a show is in rating trouble a conference of the writers is called and little by little, young, fresh comedy writer, your lofty ideas will be whittled down to accommodate what is erroneously considered the level of mass consumption. Cryptic comments are rewritten into broad boffolas and scathing satire into euphemistic yaks.

IF YOUR show is filmed for residuals—to be reshown some years later—you will have to forgo your desire to write the finest comedy, that which says something about a current way of life, because sponsors might find it untenable a year or so hence. But since writers share in the proceeds of a show that is replayed at some later date you will find time to rationalize the abandonment of your young, fresh ideas on your walk to the bank.

If I sound bitter I'm glad. Perhaps some of my bitterness will be a warning to the young, fresh comedy writers who come to this verdant field that they too can some day become old, stale comedy writers and bitter.

But not if you come with courage and confidence and faith in your craft. Sing out your gags! Shout out your quips! And make your comedy say something!

The world around you is your joke-book. Have an ear for dialogue. Have an eye for human frailties! And have plenty of benzedrine on hand.

—GOODMAN ACE.

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On the Do-It-Yourself Shelf

Continued from page 21

make his work with power tools safer, more efficient, and more effective.

WHEN he has mastered both hand and power tools the do-it-yourselfer usually looks for projects ranging in magnitude and difficulty from house construction to toy-building. And he will have no trouble finding books that try to tell him how to do these things. Two useful working manuals are Robert Scharff's **"Improve Your Home with Built-Ins"** (McGraw-Hill, $4.95) and R. P. Stevenson's **"How to Build Cabinets for the Modern Kitchen"** (Simmons-Boardman, $4.95). Both books provide the amateur carpenter a wide variety of useful designs from which to choose. Each design is accompanied by excellent working plans, clear and detailed instructions, and carefully itemized bills of materials. Although neither book tries to stimulate the creative experience that Mr. Bassett stresses, both show the week-end cabinetmaker how he can adapt and modify designs to meet his family's requirements and the physical characteristics of his own house. If he tires of such utilitarian joys, however, the craftsman may turn to the latest in Norman Cherner's excellent series of how-to-build books, **"How to Build Children's Toys and Furniture"** (McGraw-Hill, $3.95). Mr. Cherner has ideas, suggestions, designs, and gimmicks to satisfy every taste and any degree of creativity. Like all the books in this series, this one is clearly illustrated, simply written, and easy to follow. It presents only one danger —building the toys is so much fun that the carpenter is likely to neglect more serious and more important tasks.

While they all agree that working with woods and tools is fun, many do-it-yourself addicts reject painting and decorating as mere drudgery. It is quite true that old-fashioned painting techniques were hard, boring, and messy. Modern research, however, has developed new paints and other finishing materials, and easy methods of applying them. These innovations are described in detail in the **"Do-It-Yourself Guide to Successful Home Painting and Decorating"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), prepared by the Devoe Home Decorating Institute. After an excellent introduction on color selection and arrangement this beautifully illustrated, clearly written, and well-arranged volume gives practical help in the selection of paints and other finishing materials, the choice of painting techniques, the care of brushes, spray guns, rollers, etc., and the actual processes of painting and finishing everything from the exterior of the house to the latest piece of fine furniture that has come out of the workshop.

Now that Father has preempted most of the cellar for his workshop and is no longer available as yardman, chauffeur, and baby-sitter, his dependents might just as well take solace in the do-it-yourself hobbies, too. Ruth Morton's **"The Home and Its Furnishings"** (McGraw-Hill, $4.75) is so full of excellent ideas for refurnishing and redecorating any house that it will provide a whole family with a lifetime of projects. Illustrated by Erna Karcolyi, and covering every phase of interior decoration from furniture selection through drapery and slip-cover making to floor covering, this volume makes a really valuable home-maker's encyclopedia. It also has an excellent section of maintenance chores that can be performed by the woman of the house. A book that should be effective in keeping the children out of the circular saw while happily and usefully employed in the cellar is **"The Workshop Book for Parents and Children"** (Houghton Mifflin, $5). In this handsome volume Martha Lincoln and Katherine Torrey offer a wonderful variety of arts and crafts for children. The projects are suitable for youngsters of various ages, they are carefully explained and clearly illustrated, and they call for cheap and easily obtainable tools and materials. Here, too, the emphasis is not so much on producing a finished product as it is on stimulating creativity and developing useful skills.

For the grown-up, though, the creative satisfaction of craftsmanship is often most acute when he repairs and improves the botch jobs that the professionals have done on his house. Perhaps because they're in too much of a hurry to get home to their own home workshops modern carpenters and house painters don't seem to take pains with level and plumb line or color-mixing. One of the clearest

guides to this ego-satisfying work is Lee Frankl's **"Easy Home Repairs"** (Bobbs-Merrill, $3). Aside from the clarity of both text and illustrations the great virtue of this book lies in its simple and sensible arrangement. The table of contents makes it easy to find things, and the end-paper check list helps the home owner to remember to perform necessary seasonal chores. Another useful book in this field is Richard Kent's encyclopedic **"The Householder's Manual"** (New American Library; paperbound, 25¢). This starts with the purchase or the construction of a house and then goes into complete and practical details about such matters as financing, furnishing, maintenance, and repair. Despite the fact that it covers so much ground, it is well arranged and easy to follow.

NO householder, craftsman, or do-it-yourselfer can afford to overlook the fine books and pamphlets on every aspect of building, carpentry, painting, repairing, maintenance, etc., that are published by the bureaus and departments of the Federal Government. A complete list of such publications is available from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C. One booklet, however, must be mentioned here as a sample of the fine things available from the Superintendent of Documents: **"Care and Repair of the House"** (U.S. Department of Commerce, National Bureau of Standards, 60¢). This is one of the clearest, most complete, and most practical books in its field.

With so many books devoted to blueprints for creative leisure, giving so many pictures and absorbing descriptions of tools, techniques and jobs from start to finish, it may be that the tool makers and lumber and paint suppliers will stub their billion-dollar toes on a new obstacle: the armchair do-it-yourselfer. Is there more joy in working in the shop or in reading about it?

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Shaw and Voltaire. 2. Farrell and Turgenev. 3. Mitchell and Brody. 4. Hilton and Robsjohn-Gibbings. 5. Collins and Marquand. 6. Eliot and Jackson. 7. Frazer and James. 8. Adamic and Hardy. 9. Andersen and Feuchtwanger. 10. Wister and Thackeray.

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U. S. A.

Continued from page 15

hower will let himself be talked into running for President again. Reluctant though he may be, Ike appears to be a good bit more at home in the world of politics today than he was in 1952. And he was reluctant then, too.

Notes

LIFE WITH FIORELLO: New Yorkers know Newbold Morris as the tall, distinguished-looking man who twice ran for the Mayoralty against William O'Dwyer (and many who did not vote for him then may now wish they had). The nation recalls him as the Independent Republican summoned to Washington to conduct an investigation of Government officialdom. He immediately became involved in a hassle with J. Harold McGrath, and President Truman, in a particularly political maneuver, resolved it by firing McGrath and permitting Morris to return to his law practice in New York. All this and more Mr. Morris tells with the collaboration of Dana Lee Thomas in **"Let the Chips Fall"** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4). Sadly, it is the "more" that makes the best parts of Mr. Morris's book, for when writing of events familiar to the public he adds little to what is already known. But as a politician, a career he began when a well-born young man in the 1920s, he had the great good fortune to be closely associated with Fiorello LaGuardia, and with him the book really comes alive. Once the two men were in the Radio City Music Hall as an organist played in the spotlight. "Newbold," LaGuardia whispered, "that's how a city must be run. Like an organist, you must keep both hands on the keyboard and both feet on the pedals—*and never let go!*" A few seconds later the Mayor was tapped on the shoulder by a cop who told him there was a fire nearby. The Little Flower charged up the aisle, disappeared into the burning building, was the last to come out. While LaGuardia's in charge here *you* never let go, either. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

HOUSTON'S RUNYON: Sig Byrd, the author of **"Sig Byrd's Houston"** (Viking, $3), is a columnist for *The Houston Chronicle,* and the characters of his book first made their debut in his column. Readers will be beholden to him for making this selection because the people of his book deserve the wider readership which a book can give. The people in this book are Texans, but they are Texans disinherited from black gold and white wealth: they are the Texans of Congress Avenue, Catfish Reef, and Vinegar Hill—the goofball addicts, the desiccated trollops, peripatetic preachers, wineheads. Yet even in their world one meets the Texan's pride of bigness, here made into a pride that theirs is the biggest and best skidrow anywhere. There is Doc Ketchbaw, who is radioactive, who started life in poverty and rose to the ownership of a twenty-room house with sixteen radios, four television sets, and four Cadillacs—and whose days were yet numbered. To an area that needed a text and a justification Doc's life became a brilliant commentary on the vanity of possessions. Then there is Greasy Smith, who has forgotten how many patents he has obtained (though presumably our whole industrial program is richer as a result), and there is Thelma Vaughan, whose life was dedicated to the International Workers of the World and who drank more like a lady than many ladies do. When Thelma died Six-Bit Street did right by her by sending mountains of flowers. All these and more Runyon-like characters are presented in a series of short sketches, and perhaps it is because of their extreme position on the opposite end of the social teeter-totter that their qualities of tolerance, understanding, generosity, and basic nobility speak louder than their pathetic tinsel and dopey dreams. —DECHERD TURNER.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 622

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 622 will be found in the next issue.

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LR NHDGT BO D

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The Day After We Land on Mars

Continued from page 11

the men suffer no severe hardship. Yet all reports tell of the boredom and monotony of the life, of the conflicts arising from close contact with the same individuals day after day, as well as a profound sense of depression that comes from existence under such isolated and unnatural conditions.

But how much more intense would these sensations be to a man confined on Mars! Regardless of how carefully the men were screened beforehand, one wonders if any group of individuals could live for long amid such alien surroundings without tensions building up until they became intolerable. The sense of isolation would be overwhelming in its intensity. The thought that they are the *only* human beings in an entire world might drive men crazy. Worse still would be the utter futility of escape from such surroundings. At Thule the mere knowledge that civilization is always only a few days away by airplane must be comforting even if one is unable to make the trip. But on Mars civilization would be millions of miles distant in space and years away in time. A man could not even stroll outdoors to seek solace in the bosom of nature without first having to don his oxygen equipment, check with the gatekeeper, etc.

In all the articles on space travel which I have read there is one aspect of the subject which has never been discussed or so much as even mentioned. Yet it is a problem that is certain to arise, especially if the planets are going to be inhabited mainly by normal, healthy young men. It strikes me that if we are going to talk about traveling to the planets on a realistic adult level at all we should take the problems out in the open and face them. There is sex.

Judging from what has been written so far for TV scripts men in space are not supposed to have women on their minds. It seems doubtful, however, if men on Mars will be so preoccupied with measuring the horizontal component of the planet's magnetic field, or in setting off artificial earthquakes, that they can be completely oblivious of their bodies. Although examples can be cited where men have lived together alone for long periods, few would contend that such an existence is normal or healthy. I am not a psychiatrist, and hence cannot speak on such matters with authority. But one hardly needs to be an expert to know that men and women were meant to live together, and that when compelled to live alone they undergo personality changes of an undesirable nature. Tensions would develop until they became explosive. Eventually a man would have to find some way to relax—to cut loose—to do something about the impulses and ideas that have been building up inside of him. The situation would not be so serious if the men could be rotated fairly rapidly, but space travel by its very nature makes this impossible.

If space travel and colonization of the planets eventually become possible on a fairly large scale, it seems probable that we may be forced into first tolerating and finally openly accepting an attitude toward sex that is taboo in our present social framework. Can we expect men to work efficiently on Mars for five years without women? Family life would be impossible under the conditions that prevail. Imagine the result of allowing a few wives to set up housekeeping in the colony! After a few weeks the place would be a shambles. To put it bluntly, may it not be necessary for the success of the project to send some nice girls to Mars at regular intervals to relieve tensions and promote morale?

We may ask further if men (and women) who travel to other worlds will not eventually develop moral attitudes quite at variance with those generally accepted at present? Our moral attitudes and religious customs are the product of thousands of years of life upon the Earth. They developed out of conditions that prevail upon one planet. Is it not conceivable that in an entirely alien environment survival will produce among other things a sexual culture—shocking on Earth—which would be entirely "moral" judged by extraterrestrial standards?

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Carry you up the mountain once again.

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(Continued from page 29)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Construct anew, utilizing what is good in the old.	13 187 65 47 37 84 51
B. Stick together.	67 5 61 156 74 20
C. Protected place for raising certain citrus fruits in cool climates.	68 148 62 164 172 29 113 93
D. Put to shame by violent reproach.	59 131 135 92 150 18 130
E. The kind of "galleon" Noyes calls the moon in "The Highwayman."	21 183 165 107 181 86 12
F. Intensify.	158 31 87 40 79 16 64 96
G. Merciful.	115 152 174 26 66 38 56
H. With "de la Zouch," castle in "Ivanhoe."	73 186 1 11 36
I. An infant less than one month old.	171 149 182 50 10 30 126
J. Son of old Squeers in "Nicholas Nickleby."	81 100 147 7 58 27 32 160
K. Describing what cannot be appeased.	2 119 101 9 91 137 71 4 169 70
L. Bearing death.	121 118 151 17 106 189 173 90 42 139 8
M. Cape Ducato, in relation to Sappho (2 wds.).	179 109 63 80 22 45 94 162 128 72
N. Image breaking.	116 108 170 19 83 99 124 49 28 185

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Live, with permanence.	23 52 34 97 178
P. What, in Browning's "Prospice," he feels in his face.	157 176 140 112 127
Q. Meaning of Greek letter nu as a numeral.	77 14 35 175 114
R. In Ezekiel xxiii, the name given to Samaria personified.	138 105 132 188 95 155
S. Not to be disputed.	110 15 46 55 102 3 154 123 76 24 141 153
T. Steel skirt in armor of 15th-16th cents.	125 145 69 167 103 180 134
U. World War I slang for the "Dear John" letter of W. W. II (3 wds.).	117 184 146 163 6 104 25 48 54 78 82
V. British actress-manager of whom F. P. A. wrote "I like little Olga, Her plays are so warm; And if I don't see them, They'll do me no harm."	129 44 75 144 159 177 98 161 60 133
W. First English dramatist of Restoration comedy (1635-91).	168 88 142 85 41 120 39 53
X. Describing the good memory.	33 143 43 89 111 166 57 122 136

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

										1 H	2 K	3 S	■	4 K	5 B	6 U	7 J	8 L	■					
9 K	10 I	11 H	12 E	13 A	14 Q	15 S	16 F	17 L	18 D	19 N	20 B	■	21 E	22 M	23 O	24 S								
25 U	26 G	27 J	28 N	29 C	■	30 I	31 F	32 J	33 X	34 O	35 Q	36 H	37 A	38 G	39 W	■								
40 F	41 W	42 L	43 X	44 V	45 M	46 S	47 A	48 U	■	49 N	50 I	51 A	■	52 O	53 W	54 U								
55 S	56 G	57 X	58 J	59 D	60 V	■	61 B	62 C	63 M	64 F	■	65 A	66 G	67 B	68 C	69 T								
70 K	■	71 K	■	72 M	73 H	74 B	75 V	■	76 S	77 Q	■	78 U	79 F	80 M	■	81 J								
82 U	83 N	84 A	85 W	■	86 E	87 F	88 W	89 X	90 L	91 K	92 D	93 C	■	94 M	95 M	96 F								
97 O	98 V	99 N	100 J	101 K	102 S	■	103 T	104 U	■	105 R	106 L	107 E	■	108 N	109 M	110 S								
111 X	112 P	113 C	114 Q	■	115 G	116 N	117 U	118 L	■	119 K	120 W	121 L	122 X	123 S	124 N	125 T								
126 I	127 P	■	128 M	129 V	130 D	■	131 D	132 R	133 V	134 T	■	135 D	136 X	137 K	138 R	139 L								
140 P	141 S	■	142 W	143 X	■	144 V	145 T	146 U	■	147 J	148 C	149 I	150 D	151 L	152 G	153 S								
■	154 S	155 R	156 B	157 P	■	158 F	159 V	■	160 J	161 V	162 M	163 U	■	164 C	165 E	166 X								
■	167 T	168 W	169 K	170 N	171 I	172 O	■	173 L	174 G	175 Q	176 P	177 V	178 O	179 M	180 T	■								
181 E	182 I	■	183 E	184 U	185 N	186 H	187 A	188 R	189 L															

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 28 of this issue.

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RECORDINGS
SECTION

MAY 28, 1955

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THE WORLD OF THE ZARZUELA

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

THE CONSTANTLY enlarging interest in Spain and Spanish culture has resulted, through the microgroove recording, in a flood of recorded *zarzuelas*. *The Saturday Review* thought that it would be worth trying to establish as untechnically as possible exactly what a *zarzuela* is and to examine and listen to as many of the available records as possible in an effort to determine which of them faithfully bring us the best music. The annotated list at the close of this article represents my opinions, not of all the recorded *zarzuela* literature, but of those records which I have listened to or (in a few cases) consider likely to be worth hearing when they become available.

A *zarzuela* (pronounced thar-thway'-lah in Madrid and its hinterland, sar-sway'-lah almost everywhere else) is a Spanish comic opera. It has, that is, set vocal and orchestral numbers interspersed with spoken dialogue; it is a blood relative of the French *opéra-comique*, the German *Singspiel*, and the American musical comedy. Its curious name refers to the Palace of la Zarzuela, in the Pardo near Madrid, where musical dramas ancestral to the modern *zarzuela* began to be staged during the seventeenth century. One of these ancestral pieces, a "piscatory eclogue" by Pedro Calderón de la Barca entitled "El Golfo de las Sirenas," sung at La Zarzuela on January 17, 1657, was listed as a *"fiesta de zarzuela."* The form alternately flowered and withered for nearly two centuries, following the course of Italian opera from the heroic-mythological to the historical and popular. The modern *zarzuela*, still hugely enjoyed in Spain, dates from about 1848. Since then individual composers have sometimes written hundreds of *zarzuelas*, some of which have had as many as 10,000 performances throughout the Spanish-speaking world.

The blanket term *zarzuela* is used to cover comic operas that may bear such specific labels as *tonadilla, sainete lírico, pasillo, ópera, opereta, pasatiempo cómico,* and *melodrama fantástico.* Most single *zarzuelas* offer deeply felt, expertly fashioned music mixed into passages of bland, crushing banality. When the composers have struggled to elevate their materials to the condition of, say, Verdi, they have frequently been defeated by Spain's failure to evolve a viable serious tradition; this defeat visited even such accomplished composers as Albéniz, Granados, and Falla. When the composers have tried to employ true folk music they have often suffered from that music's recalcitrance to development and handling by traditional techniques. When they have forthrightly set a good text (often by one of Spain's most accomplished dramatists) to the finest music of which they were capable, the results have often merited comparisons to Auber and Offenbach. A passage like the duet from Ruperto Chapí's "La Revoltosa" is superb theatre music; the Pantomime in Act II of José María Usandizaga's "Las Golondrinas" is not unworthy of Giordano, Mascagni, or even Puccini.

None of the immediate forerunners of the nineteenth- and twentieth-century *zarzuelas*—such as those with texts by Ramón de la Cruz (1731-1795) and music by Antonio Rodríguez de Hita (?-1787) has been made available on records. The entire opening of the "Second Period" of the *zarzuela* (notable for the widespread popularity of the one-act form known as the *"género chico"*) has been passed over by the recording companies, leaving us unable to enjoy anything but an occasional snippet from the extensive output of Francisco Asenjo Barbieri (1823-1894), whose "El Barberillo de Lavapiés" is an enduring favorite. Nor can we listen to anything by Cristóbal Oudrid y Segura (1829-1877), whose "El Molinero de Zubiza" gained more suffrage than any other of his more than one hundred *zarzuelas*, or by Joaquín Gaztambide (1822-1870), another prolific composer, who once headed a company that toured Cuba and Mexico.

The earliest *zarzuela* well represented on records, in fact, is "Marina," by Emilio Arrieta y Correra (1823-1894). Called an *"ópera española,"* this is a fine example of the three-act *"zarzuela grande."* Its libretto, deal-

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L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande
Conductor: Ernest Ansermet
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BORODIN
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Symphony No. 3 in A Minor "Unfinished"
Prince Igor—Overture
L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande
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RAVEL
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Deux Mélodies Hébraïques
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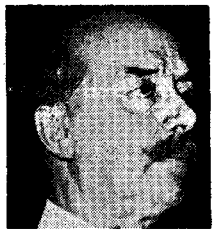
Suzanne Danco



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BUTTERWORTH A Shropshire Lad • The Banks of Green Willow
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Les Huguenots—Piff, Paff
Robert le Diable—Nonnes, qui reposez
HALEVY La Juive—Si la rigeur
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ing with Catalan fisherfolk, is credible and stageworthy, and Arrieta's score is charming and workmanlike. The recording listed below suffers slightly from indifferent conducting, but the singers excel, particularly as soon as the listener realizes that their aim is in the direction of characterization rather than in that of making beautiful sounds constantly. Like every other of the current harvest of recordings, that of "Marina" is incomplete.

A new, more brilliant era in the history of the Spanish lyric theatre was inaugurated on October 10, 1856, with the opening of Madrid's Teatro de la Zarzuela. In the century since then, the most successful composers of *zarzuelas* (most of whom also composed in other forms) have been Federico Chueca (1846-1908), Joaquín Valverde the elder (1846-1910), Tomás Bretón (1850-1923), Ruperto Chapí (1851-1909), Manuel Fernández Caballero (1835-1906), Gerónimo Giménez (or Jiménez, 1854-1923), Amadeo Vives (1871-1932), José Serrano (1873-1941), Joaquin ("Quinito") Valverde the younger (1875-1918), Pablo Luna (1880-1942), Reveriano Soutullo (1884-1932; he worked in collaboration with Juan Vert, 1890-1931), Francisco Alonso López (1887-1948), José María Usandizaga (1887-1915), Federico Moreno Torroba (1891-), and Jacinto Guerrero (1895-1951). Of these, the younger Valverde is not represented at all in available recordings. His father is represented only in his collaboration with Chueca on "La Gran Vía," a lasting success. And Giménez, whose popularity endures, is represented only in fragments on such recording catch-alls as "Música de España" (Montilla FM-6, duplicated as "Preludios e Intermedios," London TW-91020). Other such sampler recordings are "Arias de Zarzuelas" (Montilla FM-17), "Las Jotas de España" (7″ Angel 70011), and "Música Española" (Soria 70008, duplicated on Angel 65008).

For a record-buyer unacquainted with the *zarzuela*, I specially recommend "Marina," by Arrieta; "La Verbena de la Paloma," by Bretón; "La Revoltosa," by Chapí; "Gigantes y Cabezudos," by Fernández Caballero; "La Dolorosa," by Serrano; "La del Soto del Parral," by Soutullo and Vert; "Las Golondrinas," by Usandizaga—the only recording extending to six sides; and "Maruxa," by Vives. For the connoisseur of *zarzuela* interpretations, I particularly call attention to the versions conducted by Ataúlfo Argenta, the outstanding present-day conductor of this varied idiom; in the list below these are the only (or the first listed) versions of Chapí's "El Barquillero," "La Revoltosa," and "La Tempestad"; Chueca's "Agua, Azucarillos y Aguardiente" and "La Alegría de la Huerta"; Luna's "Molinos de Viento"; Serrano's "La Canción del Olvido" and "Los de Aragón"; Usandizaga's "Las Golondrinas"; and Vives's "Bohemios" and "Doña Francisquita."

I cannot sift my preferences down to one. But no one open to fresh musical experience will be disappointed by "Las Golondrinas" or "La Revoltosa," "Gigantes y Cabezudos" or "La Verbena de la Paloma." I find little to enjoy or admire, contrariwise, in what I have been able to hear by Francisco Alonso López, Jacinto Guerrero, Vicente Lleó, and Federico Moreno Torroba, all of whom, as represented on records, seem to me to have fallen victims to either excessive Frenchification or excessive banality and slickness.

Three companies have been most active in releasing records of *zarzuelas* here: Angel, London, and Montilla. The recordings, all taken in Spain, use such stars of the present-day Spanish musical stage as Ana María Iriarte, Marcos Redondo, Luis Sagi Vela, Toñy Rosado, Carlos Munguía, Lily Berchman, Delia Reubens, Inés Rivadeneyra, Manuel Ausensi, Lolita Torrentó, Pablo Civil, María de Los Angeles Morales, María Espinalt, Conchita Panadés, Pilar Lorengar, and Oscar Pol. Of especial stylistic interest, though the music is blurred with clichés, is Federico Moreno Torroba's conducting of his own *zarzuela*, "Luisa Fernanda."

The subjoined list claims no more than to contain most of what is now to be found in the shops. I have listed the works alphabetically by composers, putting an asterisk next to works of real interest, two asterisks next to the works of greatest musical distinction. A listing in parentheses is a duplication, in whole or in part, of the preceding item. This list is perforce not all-inclusive: there are, for example, other records, like those mentioned above, of excerpts from several *zarzuelas*; there are also, in all probability, records that I have not run down in my search. Differing recordings of the same piece are listed in order of preference; recordings listed in italics have not been heard. (A-Angel, C-Columbia, L-London, M-Montilla, S-Soria)

Alonso López: "Las Leandras" 10″ M-FM-32; "La Parranda" S-70007 (7″ A-70017); "La Rumbosa" 10″ M-FM-8

Arrieta y Correra: "Marina"* M-FM-23/4 (M-FM-30)

Bretón: "La Verbena de la Paloma"** M-FM-2 (L-TW-91015), S-70005 (A-65005, 7″ A-70015)

Chapí: "El Barquillero" 10″ L-W-91025; "El Puñao de Rosas* 10″ M-FM-36, *L-TW-91002;* "La Revoltosa"** M-FM-3 (L-TW-91014), S-70003 (7″ A-70013), C-ML-4931; "El Rey que Rabió" M-FM-40; "La Tempestad"* L-TW-9129/30

Chueca: "Agua, Azucarillos y Aguardiente"* 10″ L-W-91016 (10″ M-FM-7); "La Alegría de la Huerta" 10″ M-FM-35 (10″ L-W-91039); "La Gran Vía"* (with Valverde) *MFM-12*

Fernández Caballero: "Gigantes y Cabezudos"** A-65011, M-FM-19, C-ML-4931, *L-TW-91021;* "La Viejecita" M-FM-37, *L-TW-91003*

Guerrero: "La Alsaciana" 10″ L-W-91037; "El Canastillo de Fresas" *M-FM-9;* "Los Gavilanes"* A-65015, *L-TW-91012, M-FM-1;* "El Huésped del Sevillano"* M-FM-27; "La Rosa del Azafrán" S-70004 (A-65004, 7″ A-70014)

Guiridí, Jesús: "El Caserío"* *L-TW-91097/8*

Lleó: "La Corte de Faraon" M-FM-38

Luna: "Molinos de Viento"* L-TW-91036, A-65012, M-FM-26

Moreno Torroba: "Luisa Fernanda" S-70009 (A-65009, 7″ A-70010), *L-TW-91022*

Serrano: "Alma de Dios" 10″ M-FM-33, *10″ L-W-91007;* "La Canción del Olvido" L-TW-91026, A-65002, M-FM-20; "Los Claveles" 10″ A-64003, *M-FM-13;* "La Dolorosa"* A-65013, *M-FM-14;* "Los de Aragón 10″ L-W-91027, A-65010, 10″ M-FM-34; "La Reina Mora" A-65010, *L-TW-91001*

Soutullo and Vert: "La del Soto del Parral"* A-65000

Usandizaga: "Las Golondrinas"** L-TW-91031/2/3

Vives: "Bohemios" L-TW-91038, A-65014; Doña Francisquita"* L-TW-91005/6, S-70006 (A-65006, 7″ A-70016; "Maruxa"** M-FM-4/5 (*L-TW-91017/8*)

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Five by Beethoven

By ABRAM CHASINS

"I HAVE not studied enough," said Beethoven, long after his compositional power and mastery had been amply demonstrated. Every true artist has at times felt intellectually or technically inadequate to the demands of his imagination. Beethoven was particularly assailed, because he constantly was coming to grips with musical materials which invited new developments.

We use the word "development" to mean the unfolding and expansion of an idea. In music, and especially in Beethoven's music, the word denotes an intensely dramatic form of action, and concerns mainly the first movements of sonata forms. Beethoven wrote over 100 such works, and in his ceaseless search for structures which would support his tremendous emotional weight he achieved every conceivable variety of astonishing results. The organization of slow movements and rondo-finales caused him few architectural difficulties. It was the first movement of the classical concerto, more specifically the opening orchestral "tutti," which was his stumbling block.

Beethoven eventually solved the problem and wonderfully, but the principles he found and exemplified, in countless strokes of genius, evidently escaped most musical analysts, to judge by current commentaries on the evolution of Beethoven's concerto forms. We are told, for example, that he "broke the mold" of the classical forms of Haydn and Mozart. He did nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he attempted to discern the secrets of their methods and to multiply their resources. He discovered, but not immediately, what we also discover by proper observation—that the true concerto forms are not molds but principles, and that their vitality depends not on structural resemblances but on dramatic differences.

The basic problems which Beethoven faced in devising first movements along classical concerto principles are sufficiently engaging and expressible in non-technical terms for brief consideration. They embrace a very common human experience: the relation of the individual to the crowd. The antithesis of the relationship opens every dramatic possibility from striking opposition, through compromise, to harmonious cooperation. It is obvious that a solo instrument (the individual) has advantages of personal magnetism and mercurial mobility, but cannot vie with an orchestra (the crowd) in climactic force of volume. If an orchestra is allowed to swamp the solo, or the solo is allowed to dominate the proceedings through deliberate repression of the orchestra, one or the other element will be sacrificed.

The classical solution was to capitalize on the disparity of these forces by permitting each to do what it was best able to do. The orchestra first "sets the stage" by stating the material importantly in a tutti calculated to arouse expectation; then the main character makes an impressive entry alone, and with counter-material. The dangers lie in creating an introduction so self-sufficient that it will fail to arouse enough suspense for the effective entrance of the solo instrument, or in creating an opening so insufficient that the orchestra merely becomes a subservient accompaniment, relinquishing its structural function. Perfect examples of the form avoid both dangers. They will further be found to vary the main material (stated by both the orchestra and soloist) so that each succeeding entrance will be brought into fresh relationships and new perspectives.

Along the way, we may even meet brand-new themes. If we are eventually confronted with a solo cadenza followed by a reconciliatory climax, we are indeed in the presence of a true classical concerto. There are no more than two dozen successful examples in all musical literature; most of them are by Mozart, and he composed them with devastating ease.

Beethoven's first two piano concertos are sublime works, but they show in their symphonic discursiveness that he had not yet grasped Mozart's methods. The Triple Concerto was Beethoven's first structural success in this form, ill-served by prosaic material. The Third Piano Concerto was the giant stride toward the marriage of inspiration and organization to be found in the glorious violin concerto and in the last two piano concertos.

The exciting potentialities of the classical concerto to a man of Beethoven's dramatic sensibilities drove his intellectual imagination to such innovations that they cannot be classified. The attempt to classify has soiled many an otherwise spotless musicological reputation. We'd all welcome a dollar for every textbook which still maintains that with the Fourth Concerto, where the piano states the opening five bars alone, and the Fifth, where a free improvisation precedes the orchestral tutti, Beethoven "abolished the traditional tutti." Every amateur knows that tuttis follow in both instances. All we have to add is that they happen to be the most highly organized and voluminous of all Beethoven's piano concerto openings.

IT IS no cause for surprise that a set of masterpieces providing soloists and conductors with a gamut of opportunities and rewarding the listener so richly are numerously represented on every label. To date, however, only two complete collections are to be found on LP. Some two years ago Decca issued all five concertos featuring Wilhelm Kempff in collaboration with Van Kempen conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Now RCA Victor has re-issued the Schnabel recordings made some two decades ago with Malcolm Sargent conducting the London Philharmonic, also the London Symphony.

A brochure from the Kempff album reads, "He is recognized not only as a

Kathleen Ferrier (1912-1953)

By Bruce Fawcett

DO NOT confuse this dying with the death
Of such things as roses; roses die.
And birds die, though flying renews the breath
Of winds that touch as softly as a sigh
Upon the lasting land. O do not dream,
Though this beautiful body fails and falls
In penance, as thorns protecting flowers that seem
To speak, almost, that this dying calls
An end to what we knew. Her grave turns
Among the stars; the skies surround her: there.
In dawn's arias, in sunset hymns, one learns
She lives, imprisoned in the ringing air.

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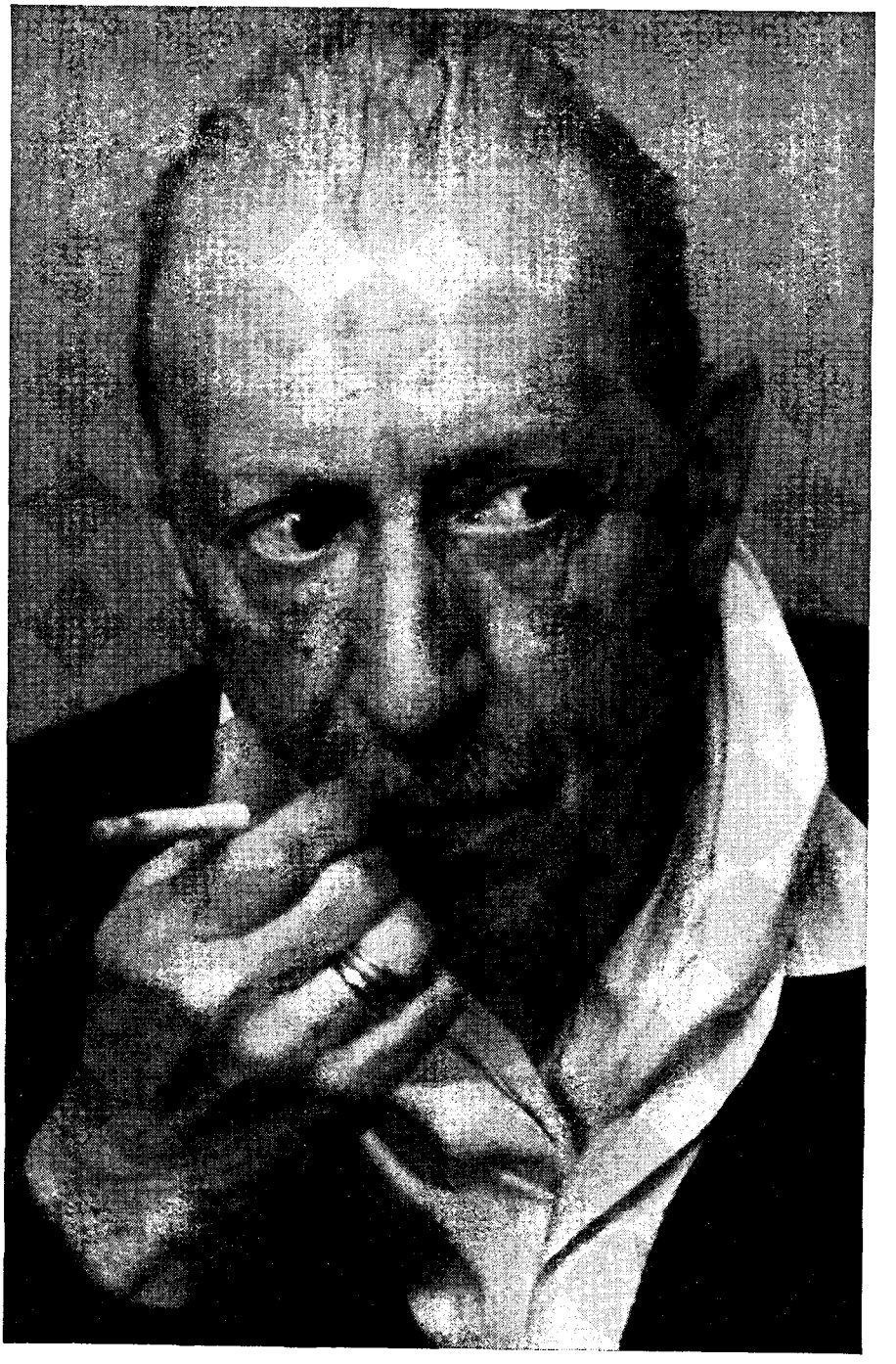
paramount pianist but as the greatest living interpreter of Beethoven." Disregarding the validity or taste of such a statement, I am led to ask a question. How could any company which holds this belief toward an artist permit itself to release recordings that virtually sabotage his performances, and particularly in these towering examples of Beethoven's piano writing? I cannot find it in my heart to vent detailed critical reaction upon an unfortunate artist whose piano sounds like an ice-cream parlor upright, or on an orchestra which appears to have been recorded in Dr. Beebe's bathosphere. High-surface, low-level, and the undulations of a short-wave broadcast complete the technical mayhem. What I was able to hear showed some cultured and gracious playing in the first two concertos and some purposeful, tasteful, and broad-styled playing in the others, though not infrequently earthbound and lacking in expressivity.

In a previous article I discussed Schnabel's recordings of the Beethoven sonatas, so full of urgency and inspiration although not always under technical control. The concertos reveal the expected Schnabel characteristics of poetic vision, tonal beauty, and knowledgable conviction. The unexpected plus is his greater mechanical command. This may be in part due to the fact that the concertos, difficult as they are, do not demand the degree of sustained virtuosity required in sonatas such as the "Waldstein," "Appassionata," and the last five, particularly the "Hammerklavier." In all five concertos, Schnabel is at his height in every way. His delicious grace and humor in the corner movements of the C major (published as No. 1, it actual-

(*Continued on page 47*)

Gilels—"fine tempi, warmth, spaciousness."

THE SOUND OF GENIUS...



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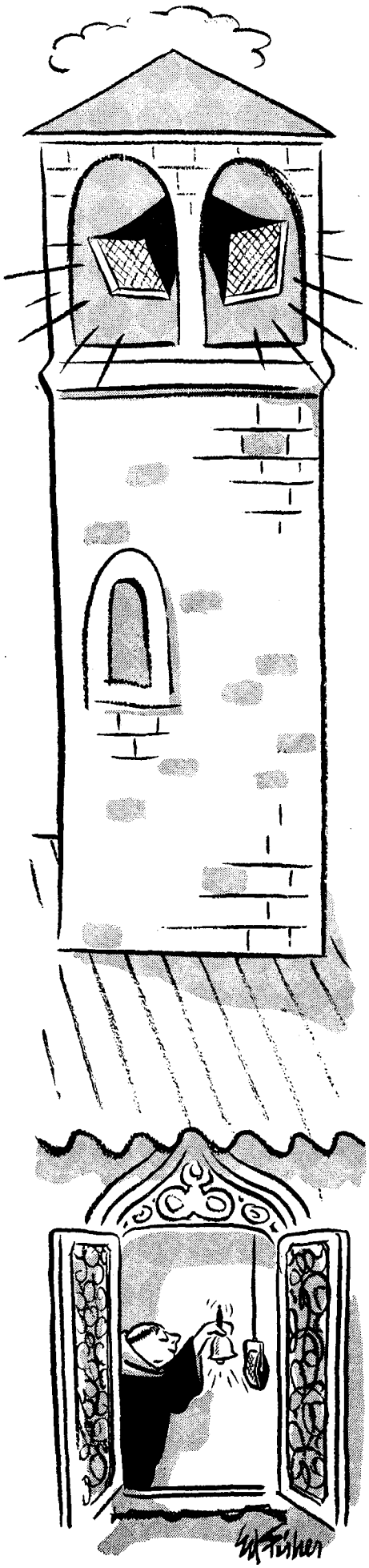

Subscription TV? Yes: 74%

By IRVING KOLODIN

LIKE Goethe's "Sorcerer's Apprentice," who found a magic word for initiating an action but knew no way of stopping it, *SR* has had a veritable deluge of answers to its two endeavors to sound reader sentiment on the moot question of Subscription TV. Whether in response to the direct mail ballot to a cross-section of subscribers, or from those taking advantage of the coupon originally published in the issue of April 28 and reprinted in that of May 14, the sentiment seems to be: TV is grand, but Oh those programs!

In other words, the sentiment favorable to some kind of Subscription TV, meaning a system in which the viewer could pay for, and receive, a program of his own choice—and theatre, first-run films, and musical attractions run very high in the order of preference—breaks down as follows:

	MAGAZINE COUPON	MAIL BALLOT
YES	74%	64%

In this respect the two-way poll shows a startling similarity to figures gathered from other polls and expressions of opinion in various parts of the country. A Tele-Census in the Los Angeles area (conducted by an objective agency and recently reported in *Variety*) showed—among 2,600 TV set owners—67.2 per cent in favor, 19.3 per cent opposed. An uncounted 13.5 per cent were noncommittal. In Chicago, the *Daily News* has been polling its public, with this result: in favor, 1,414, opposed, 602. And mail to the FCC itself has been showing a trend better than two-to-one in favor for a number of weeks.

The box score of figures accumulated from *SR*'s two polls is presented, in detail, on an adjoining page; hence, there is no pertinence in reviewing them again here. Two things are unmistakable: a considerable number of Americans who do not now own TV sets might be induced to tool up if such a device as Subscription TV were available to them. In numbers, the percentage was 13.6 per cent of those clipping the coupon (prior to May 11), and 18 per cent of those responding to the mail inquiry. Of secondary though hardly inconsequential interest is the sour view of some answering "No," who based their answers on the conviction that the hucksters would take over Subscription TV in no time and we'd be having the same old offerings, WITH advertising, PLUS a fee.

This bespeaks a decided lack of confidence in the good faith of those propagandizing the new methods, also a certain lack of firm statement of policy by same. Certainly, many of those who answered affirmatively to the proposition on Subscription TV would consider themselves "had" if, along with the fee they paid, went an insistent "sell." In fact, if I may consider myself representative of others, the device would go out with the first "hard" plug. If Zenith, Skiatron, Paramount, et al, have some reassuring words to say on the subject, time is at hand for them to speak up.

However, the fears may be premature. Writing in the Sunday *Star* (Washington, D. C., May 1, 1955) Harry McArthur—conductor of its "On the Air" column—regarded this contention as a cry of "Wolf" stimulated by some sheep in network clothing. "Subscription TV will take over all of television, its foes cry. Sure it will. Over the dead bodies of ABC, CBS, NBC, and all of Madison Avenue, it will. Even without the inevitable legislation to prevent it," writes McArthur, "this is a vision through a clouded ball." This, of course, is merely one man's expression of opinion, but his mention of "inevitable legislation" gives a clue to a possible source of relief.

It was touched upon in a discussion of many aspects of the whole situation in a letter to the Sunday *Times* (New York, May 15) from Telford Taylor, formerly general counsel to the Federal Communications Commission itself. "It has been too soon forgotten," writes Mr. Taylor, "that radio-broadcasting was a rapidly growing though chaotic industry for a number of years before advertising was coupled with it. Had the technical means existed in the late Twenties to exact a fee from the listener in order to meet the costs of programming, surely this would have been done. The other mass media—newspapers, magazines, books, motion pictures—depend in varying degrees upon the consumer's as well as the advertiser's dollar. It was only for the lack of any practical way to collect the radio listener's dollar on a

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per-program basis that advertising emerged as the sole economic base of broadcasting, and that Federal regulation developed within that framework.

"Opponents of Subscription TV," continues Mr. Taylor, "are under the heavy burden of justifying a government prohibition against doing in broadcasting what has always been done in the other mass media; of justifying what amounts to a monopolistic privilege—that the radio frequencies shall be available for commercial exploitation exclusively for advertising purposes. This is a strange outcome, especially in the light of the Congressional declaration of policy that the channels shall be available 'to all the people of the United States.' It is also a result completely out of keeping with American traditions. 'Let the people choose' has been a tenet as fundamental in marketing economics as in electoral politics. . . ."

THAT, of course, is the heart of the matter, and Mr. Taylor's belief that we are involved with a fundamental issue involving the American tradition of free choice is overwhelmingly supported by those responding to Question 13 of *SR*'s poll: "Do you feel that 'Subscription TV' should be authorized by the Federal Government so that the TV audience can at least choose between networks shows and paid TV?" The coupon clippers responded 81 per cent in favor, with 16 per cent opposed; the mail ballot was divided among 72 per cent yes, 12 per cent no, 2 per cent indefinite, and 14 per cent nonresponsive.

In other words, if there is a method available that promises to improve a service currently deemed unsatisfactory by two out of three Americans who have utilized one or another methods of expressing an opinion, can it be reasonably suppressed by scare stories about what MIGHT happen before it has been given a trial?

The apprehensions about mis-use remind one that every addition to man's resource has had to battle his ingenuity for devising ways of misusing it. Nobody rejects the airplane because it is an instrument of mass destruction; it can also carry serums to combat a plague. In terms of such power for good or evil Subscription TV is fairly trivial; but its proper utilization promises a material addition to the amenities of life. The public interest, as manifested by all objective expression, is decidedly involved: thus forewarned, the agencies of government opinion are enjoined not merely to act, but to act wisely, courageously, and above all, realistically.

BALLOT REPORT: Following is the itemized report of *SR*'s Subscription TV ballot. The numerals in the third column refer to percentages in the replies of those to whom the ballot was mailed directly; the fourth column to those who cut the ballot out of the magazine.

QUESTION 1: *Do you live in a community that receives television broadcasts regularly?*	Yes	98	99
	No	1	1
	No Answer	1	
QUESTION 2: *Do you now own a television set?*	Yes	59	83
	No	39	16
	No Answer	2	1
QUESTION 3: *Does the idea of subscription TV appeal to you?*	Yes	64	74
	No	25	25
	No Answer	11	1
QUESTION 4: *If "Subscription TV" were available, would you install a connection in your home?*	Yes	57	73
	No	24	21
	Indefinite	9	1
	No Answer	10	5
QUESTION 5: *What do you think is a fair price to charge for a single show seen via "Subscription TV?" Recognizing that different shows may vary in cost, please check two of the following prices to indicate what you think would be an acceptable price range for your family budget.*	25¢	28	51
	50¢	40	
	75¢	16	34
	$1	32	37
	$1.25	6	10
	$1.50	10	14
	$1.75	1	
	$2	6	11
	$2.50	3	6
	Nothing	1	
	Indefinite	3	
	No Answer	20	14
QUESTION 6: *How much do you think you would be willing to budget a week to watch "Subscription TV?"*	50¢	10	8
	$1	20	14
	$2	22	25
	$3	12	25
	$5	5	
	$10	1	3
	Nothing	8	
	Indefinite	4	1
	No Answer	18	15
	Other Amounts		9
QUESTION 7: *How many hours a week do you watch TV now?*	1-2	12	9
	3-4	11	11
	5-6	10	11
	7-8	5	9
	9-10	9	14
	11-14	5	8
	15-18	4	8
	19-22	4	8
	23-more	4	9
	None	21	8
	Indefinite	3	1
	No Answer	12	4
QUESTION 8: *In what area of entertainment do you think "Subscription Television" could contribute most to expand present TV coverage?*	Theatre	65	76
	Music	38	56
	First-Run Films	38	57
	Sports	13	25
	Education	9	11
	Special News Features	3	2
	Lectures	2	2
	Public Affairs	2	2
	Science	2	
	Arts, Culture	4	
	Others	8	10
QUESTION 9: *Are you satisfied with the children's programs now shown on TV?*	Yes	7	12
	No	48	52
	Indefinite	6	1
	No Answer	39	35
QUESTION 10: *What other kinds of children programs would you welcome?*	Educational	13	16
	Drama	8	6
	Music	6	9
	Science	6	5
	Walt Disney Cartoons	3	5
	Arts, Culture	6	4
	Nature	4	3
	Travel, Geography	3	3
	Fairy Tales	2	3
	Movie Classics	1	4
	Books	4	1
QUESTION 11: *Would you pay to have your children see the above programs?*	Yes	35	43
	No	12	13
	Indefinite	1	1
	No Answer	52	43
QUESTION 12: *If YES, how much would you pay daily for such programs?*	25¢	42	45
	50¢	28	31
	75¢	6	6
	$1	13	10
	$1.50	1	1
	$2 or more	3	3
	Indefinite	3	
	No Answer	4	4
QUESTION 13: *Do you feel "Subscription TV" should be authorized by the Federal Government so that the TV audience can at least choose between network shows and paid TV?*	Yes	72	81
	No	12	16
	Indefinite	2	
	No Answer	14	3

QUESTION 14: *What do you consider your favorite TV program now on the air?* **ANSWER:** *"Omnibus" (26, 33), George Gobel (13, 14), "See It Now" (12, 15), "Toast of the Town" (11, 10), Sports, Fights, etc. (11, 14), Dramas (8, 13), "Disneyland" (7, 6), "Studio One" (7, 9), Ed Murrow (no show specified) (7, 14), News commentators (7, 8), "Person to Person" (7, 7), Robert Montgomery (6, 5), "What's My Line?" (6, 3), "You Bet Your Life" (5, 6), "U.S. Steel Hour" (5, 8), "Meet the Press" (5, 8), Philco, Goodyear (5, 5), "Kraft Theatre" (4, 4), "Adventure" (4, 8), "Voice of Firestone" (4, 4), Jackie Gleason (4, 6), "Dragnet" (4,—), Music, Operatic (4, 6), "You Are There" (3, 4), "Medic" (3, 3), "Halls of Ivy" (3, 3), Sid Caesar (3, 3), "Now and Then" (2, 4), "I Love Lucy" (2, 3), "Mr. Peepers" (2, 2), "Mama" (2, 2), Chicago Symphony (—, 2), All Other Programs (36, 37), Indefinite (3, 3), No Answers (28, 14).*

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TV in the Mail

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following letters have been selected from many more on hand, and the proportion of favorable to unfavorable directly corresponds to the affirmative-negative ratio in the complete mail thus far received.*

SUBSCRIPTION TELEVISION piece . . . well-assembled, logical, intelligent. No more cogent summing up of public's right to try out new and unfolding phases of any serious enterprise has to my knowledge been written than the last twenty-five lines of article. One other thing. There is no such thing as quote free unquote television.

MEREDITH PARKER.

Mexico City, Mex.

IN A COLUMN BY Caswell Adams [*New York Journal-American,* Apr. 30] he told of having interviewed a representative of the Zenith Company, leading makers of the "pay-to-see" TV gadget. Mr. Adams stated that, although the gadget would cost fifty dollars, the Zenith representative had assured him, clearly and unequivocally, that there would be no charge to the public for it. (Imagine that!) The Zenith man further declared that, come approval of the FCC, 36,000,000 television sets would be tuned into a heavyweight championship fight in 1957.

Now, at fifty dollars a gadget, 36,000,000 gadgets certainly comes to $1,800,000,000. Here Mr. Kolodin's key query "Whose Money Talks?" becomes sharply pertinent. Not being a philanthropic firm, Zenith clearly intends to get that money back. One guess only is permitted as to where this $1,800,000,000 will come from.

To carry this economic nightmare just one step further, an entirely reasonable assumption is that—if Zenith gives the public the gadget free—an installation fee will follow as the night follows the day. This installation fee, let us say, will be moderate—thirty dollars. Well, 36,000,000 times thirty dollars comes to exactly $1,080,000,000.

Here we are approaching the staggering figure of $3,000,000,000 and that, it must be remembered, gets the public not one "pay-to-see" program. What it does get the public is the exciting privilege of paying from fifty cents to two dollars or more to watch just one television program. Thus, in the first year of "pay-to-see" TV there is the clear and present danger that the cost to the public could be in the neighborhood of $5,000,000,000! Now, if you please, whose money is that talking?

ALFRED STARR.
Co-chairman,
Organizations for Free TV.

New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As mentioned in a previous issue* [SR *May 14*], *Mr. Starr's "Organizations" include the Theatre Owners of America, the Broadway Association, Retail Merchants Association, etc.*

I THINK Subscription TV should be authorized by the Federal Government by all means. The opponents of the above have one very good argument. I agree with them in saying that if we do have paid performances, presently we shall be paying for anything really worth while.

GLADYS M. VINCENT.

Cambridge, Mass.

I AM AGAINST Subscription TV because it would discriminate against those people that can barely afford to keep a television set operating. Why take all the pleasure the poor people have to cater to people with expensive tastes?

MRS. ANTON LINN.

Portland, Ore.

I AM VERY HAPPY to see that *SR* has recognized the very important public issue at stake in Subscription TV. The issue has been very much complicated by the opposition who are assuming that pay television would displace free television from the air. There are no grounds for this assumption. The engineers of the FCC say that the development of the UHF band would make possible a minimum of ten stations in every area throughout the country. This would mean that several pay stations as well as educational television stations could be licensed for this purpose exclusively. Unquestionably our most powerful and useful medium of communications would better serve our free democratic society if it were directly responsive to the diversified needs of our people through direct audience payment rather than by product advertising. . . .

SIDNEY DEAN.

New York, N.Y.

I STRONGLY FEEL that many people would be willing to pay for top-grade entertainment on TV if it were available on a subscription basis (and without commercials).

H. J. HEINE.

Western Springs, Ill.

POSSIBLY THE FCC shouldn't even be considering Subscription TV. If it authorizes it I hope it retains enough semblance of concern for the public interest to make it UHF-only. This would mean buying both adapter and attachment (and that will raise a yowl), but it might help open UHF, and begin to undo the bungling that now leaves most of the country virtually TV-choiceless. Might not this situation be the most basic reason for lack of service to TV minorities?

J. M. B. CHURCHILL, JR.

Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

I DO NOT WATCH television although we have a set. Why? Because the program directors evidently believe that my mental age is twelve (or lower) . . . If I could believe that Subscription TV would bring into my home fine music, ballet, good plays, in short, real stuff, I would pay for it, yes! But frankly, gentlemen, I doubt it.

MRS. H. F. BARAL.

Milwaukee, Wis.

I AM ENCLOSING my TV ballot and wish to inform you that I am intensely interested in this project. I am a forty-one-year-old *Hausfrau* attempting to acquire "culture" in the form of continuing my studies. . . . This strikes me as a prime opportunity for us "little people" who are not great culturists because we've never had the chance.

Mrs. J. H. J.

Davenport, Iowa.

MY FEELING is there would be no need for Subscription TV *if* there were available adequate educational television compared to our Wisconsin state-owned educational radio network. . . .

HELEN ARNOLD.

Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

I ADMIT MY REASONS for objecting are personal and financial. Nevertheless, TV broadcasting has not worked out too badly up to now. . . . The idea of Subscription TV does not appeal to me because, while it is not actually discrimination, it sounds something like it. Broadcasting should be open to all who want to receive it.

SUSAN A. LONG.

Lancaster, Penna.

CONGRATULATIONS for the proposed Subscription TV. It is long overdue. I would give my heart's blood and a good percentage of our hard earned cash (ages seventy) not to have to endure commercials. In preference, we turn off TV and do without favorite programs. More power to you.

MRS. JACOB F. PRATT.

Schaghticoke, N.Y.

WE ARE GETTING damned sick of the commercials. We now have double sponsors. What does that mean? It means, on a half-hour program, that we hear five commercials . . . for this reason we absolutely refuse to turn on any channel where Eddie Cantor is scheduled to appear. . . . One more thing: if we have to stick a quarter in the slot (or its equivalent) for every program, we are going to be SELECTIVE. . . . We will save our quarters for special events that have an intrinsic interest aside from that of entertainment . . .

NOEL M. LOOMIS.

Minneapolis, Minn.

I THINK IT is time that the "public" takes a stand, a simple democratic one. The best should be available to everyone.

Therefore I oppose Subscription TV. . . . It is morally wrong, especially in a democracy, to put a heavy price tag on cultural or any other kind of top-level entertainment. Maybe I can afford it, but what about the next guy?

MRS. LOUISE J. STURGIS.

New York, N.Y.

IF ASSURED that Subscription TV would raise the level of TV programming, I would willingly become a television set owner. However, if Subscription TV will be largely devoted to "I Love Lucy" and professional sports as opposed to good music, ballet, opera, and theatre, my home will remain televisionless . . .

MRS. E. ZWERLING.

Dayton, Ohio.

FIND ENCLOSED questionnaire on Subscription TV. I am definitely in favor of it to provide entertainment which is not available free. I would be glad to pay to watch college football games, championship fights, and first-run movies. As I see it, Subscription TV would be an

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additional service, not a replacement one . . .

W. H. DEARDORFF.

Chambersburg, Penna.

MANY OLDER PEOPLE with small incomes have a TV set only because some one has given it to them. Often these elderly people live alone, and TV is their only source of entertainment. Subscription TV would no doubt curtail much of their entertainment.

L. G. H.

Chicago, Ill.

SUBSCRIPTION TV would enable many of us who are members of large minorities to see things of interest to us which commercial networks appear to find too unfeasible for risking their dollars. If we, as a public, are willing to pay for what interests us, is it not in our interest to have such "commodities" on the "market." . . ? I cannot see on what justifiable grounds any special interest group has the right to circumvent other's rights by lobbying before the FCC. If such a right exists and these special interest groups do indeed succeed in their desires, then all forms of public transportation have an equal right to legislate against the manufacture and sale of automobiles. . . .

EUGENE A. BOZAY.

Washington, D.C.

I ENCLOSE HEREWITH Subscription TV ballot. I am rather disappointed, however, that you have no question relating to the desire to escape from the commercials.

Even if the subscription programs were no better than those offered at present, I would gladly pay for the privilege of not having to listen to "sincere" announcers.

JAMES B. HERZOG.

New York, N.Y.

YOU PROBABLY know the story of our local "good music" station. It was struck with a union squabble for months, and loss of advertising and so on made it impossible for it to go on. Its owners asked for listener help in the amount of $25,000. They got, the last time I heard the total, $40,000, and probably a good deal more than this before the drive closed. We will pay for what we want, and there are an awful lot of us. More than you know. Just let us have the chance.

GEORGIA BUSCH.

Lafayette, Calif.

I SEND the Met $10 each year to help out their radio programs, but how wonderful would it be if we could have at least one great opera each week during the season on TV. What would it be worth? Well, I would pay $2 anyway.

H. L. FAIRFIELD.

Kendall, Fla.

LET THE FCC not forget it is our air, our megacycles, not Zenith's or any other enterprise's, and that we, the consumers, have a right to have our freedom to see and listen—our freedom to be *able* to listen and see, paying our legitimate fee in either money or distaste—protected for us.

THOMAS PYM COPE.

Chicago, Ill.

IT WOULD BE A heavenly blessing to see a cultural or forum-news program without the incessant disturbance of beer, cigarettes, deodorants, soap, etc. Let's try it out, anyway!

MRS. DAVID SPRAGUE.

Chicago, Ill.

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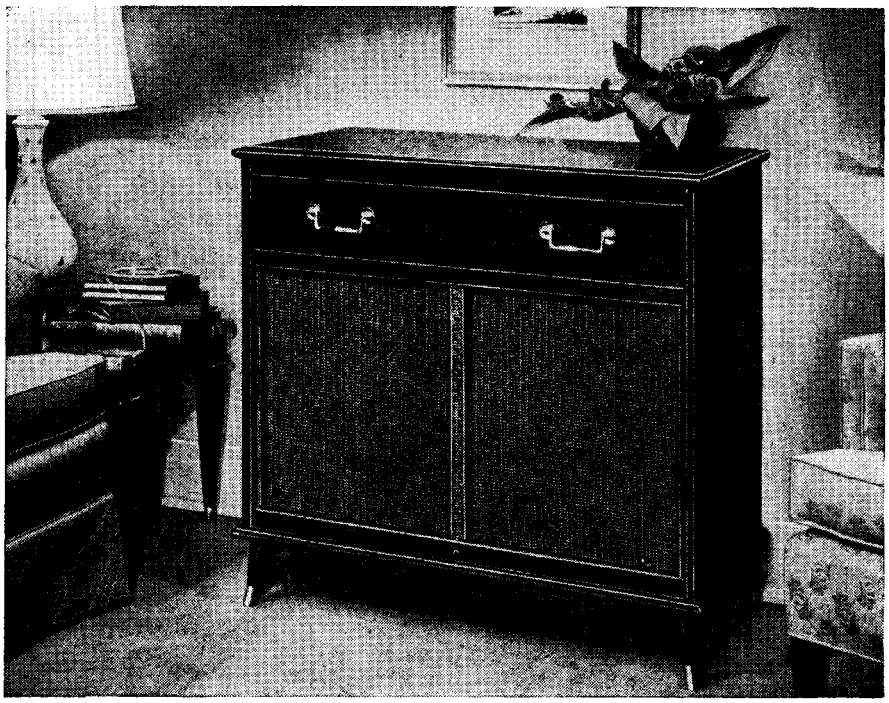

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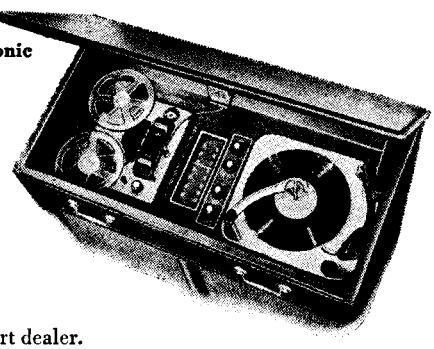

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RELAXATIONS AND ABSTRACTIONS

IT IS clear that some of the most sophisticated jazz musicians are moving into a chamber music which has little to do with jazz, if that word is taken to imply a strong pulsation for dancing. That is the way THE AMEN CORNER takes it. I have not the slightest objection to the process of sitting and listening to jazz, but I must insist that any music deserving of the name should urge toward the dance. As Professor Williams once observed, when a spaniel wandered into his class in American Literature: "Will one of the gentlemen in the back rows please remove the dog? We must draw the line somewhere."

Fortunately, it is a pleasure to report that the main jazz stream is in spate. Assisted by a squad of New Jersey investigators, I have discovered that the vibraharpist Teddy Charles, whose technique includes the deft use of four mallets, is one of the best composer-players in the business, and I strongly recommend a number which the obviously ironic maestro has named "Relaxo Abstracto." A psychiatrist friend who was among the investigators promptly arose from his couch and went into his dance. The tune is subtle, the rhythm delicately swung around a moderate beat, and the leader is perfectly joined by tenor saxophonist J. R. Montrose (watch this man); Charlie Mingus, bass; and Jerry Segal, drums. There are also several other fine things on the LP (New Jazz LP-1106).

This is the advance wing of younger jazz men operating in seductive form, and so is the warmly fluent work of trumpeter Miles Davis with his All Stars (Prestige LP 196). As danceable as they could well be, they include Thelonius Monk, whose witty pianism reminds me, in jazz terms, of Erik Satie; vibraharpist Milt Jackson; Percy Heath, bass; and Kenny Clark, drums. The record is appropriately called a "modern jazz jam session," and we are treated to interesting musical minds in easy, spontaneous converse—no panic, no honking. Very far over on the side of advanced composition, as against improvisation, is "Jazzical Moods" with the brilliant and unusual combination of Charlie Mingus, bass and piano; John La Porta, alto saxophone; Teo Macero, tenor saxophone; Oliver King, trumpet; Jackson Wiley, cello; and Clem De Rosa, drums. Here we are moving away from strong dance incentives toward pure chamber music, but a good deal of discreet pulsation remains. Mingus's "Minor Intrusion" is a long, sultry reverie; Macero's "Abstractions" is atonal; and there are rich arrangements of "What Is This Thing Called Love" by Mingus, and of "Stormy Weather" by La Porta. The textures are all intricate, and I will want to see how well they wear (Period SPL-1107).

THESE are the outstanding modern items I have struck this month. I feel I have recently been neglecting more traditional veins, and will try to make amends. There are attractive recreations of two of my favorite tunes—"Old Fashioned Love" and "Everybody Loves My Baby"—in LP albums by a vintage group under trombonist Vic Dickenson. Other stars present include clarinetist Edmond Hall and drummer Jo Jones (Vanguard VRS 8012 and 8013). And the wonderfully buoyant Jones plays no small part in a program of Dixieland classics featuring the veteran brass team of trumpeter Jimmy MacPartland and trombonist Jack Teagarden (Period SPL-1110). Here is a masterly playing of such numbers as "Original Dixieland One Step," "Riverboat Shuffle," and "High

Alistair Cooke—"hands across the sea."

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Society"—masterly because of its effervescent assurance. To my reader Mr. Shipman I owe a debt for calling attention to the limpid, songful New Orleans clarinet of Ray Burke, who is assisted in his Mississippian moods by Johnny Wiggs, trumpet; Edmond Souchon, guitar; and Sherwood Mangiapane, bass (Paramount 107).

It scarcely needs saying that by this time any well-equipped record shop is able to sell, or place orders for, LP revivals of just about the whole range of worthwhile older jazz. There are, to be sure, gaps in the literature, and there are musical Egyptologists who are forever digging up unsuspected mummies. But no one has any real right to complain: the catalogue is vast. With this blanket advertisement for thousands of record sides, I will go on to say that an antediluvian cake-eater like myself is bound to have his special tastes, and the recent revivals which have pleased me most include those of Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey with the California Ramblers—Adrian Rollini on the bass saxophone (Riverside RLP-1051); Red Nichols and Miff Mole with their Stompers, and Mole with the Original Memphis Five (Riverside RLP-1048). These, of course, take us back into the early and middle Twenties, although the young Miff Mole might be said to have been a timeless trombone player. Then there is a positively modern item, dating *circa* 1939—the boogie-woogie pianism of Pete Johnson (Riverside RLP 1054). One of the striking triumvirate which included Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons, Johnson wears like iron and still sounds like much more precious metal.

TWO novelties: the debonair and gifted American correspondent for the *Manchester Guardian,* Alistair Cooke, is a parlor entertainer at the piano, an ingratiating whistler, and an amateur of the blues. He is also able to sing simultaneously all four parts of the Madrigal from "The Mikado"—courtesy of multiple tape recording. His demonstration of these talents (Columbia ML-4970) is a pleasant experience and a distinct contribution to the gesture of hands across the sea. At a rather decided remove from Mr. Cooke, Geoffrey Holder's Steel Drum Trio are exponents of the Trinidadian school which has developed from oil barrels, and the like, a set of drums known, descendingly, as ping-pong (28 notes possible), second pan, guitar pan, quatro, tune-boom, boom, and bass-kettle. Their Caribbean tunes and vigorous rhythms have a haunting tropic resonance which has recently been heard in the musical production "House of Flowers" (Riverside RLP-8004). —WILDER HOBSON.

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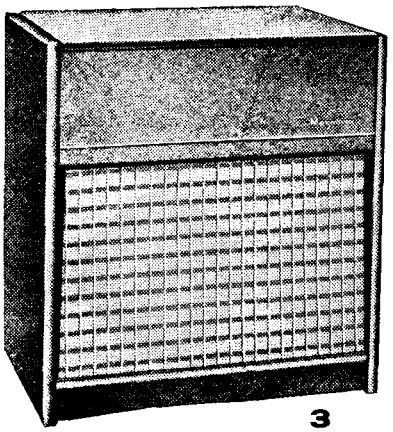

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Recordings in Review

Borodin's No. 2, on Three

BORODIN: *Symphony No. 2 in B minor. Ernest Ansermet conducting the Suisse Romande Orchestra.* London LL-1178, $3.98 (with: *"Prince Igor" overture* and *Symphony No. 3 in A, "Unfinished"*). *Paul Kletzki conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra.* Angel 35145, $4.98 (with: IPPOLITOV-IVANOV: *"Caucasian Sketches"*). *Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.* Columbia ML-4966, $3.98 (with: TCHAIKOVSKY: *Suite No. 1*).

THOUGH BOTH the Dorati-Minneapolis recording of this work (Mercury) and the Malko-Philharmonia (Bluebird) have their musical and mechanical virtues, the appearance of three new versions simultaneously would argue opinions to the contrary. The arrangement of them above, alphabetical in order of the conductor's names, does not necessarily conform with the qualities in the performances.

Actually all are good if none is illuminated by blinding flashes of insight. So far as this one side is concerned, I would nominate the Mitropoulos as the most vigorous, coupled with excellent orchestral playing and a sonorous recording. The Ansermet is definitely the smallest in scale of the three, though somewhat more refined in detail. Kletzki's has ample vigor (less than the incisive force of Mitropoulos) and his slow movement is the most expressive of the three. In their separate styles the London and Angel discs are well-engineered, to my taste more colorfully in the latter.

However, there are the three second sides to be considered, and here the critical guidepost has to face three ways at once. The two movements (Moderato and Scherzo) of the unfinished Third Symphony have much in kin with the familiar excerpts from "Prince Igor," and were actually orchestrated by Glazunov. He also wrote out the "Prince Igor" overture (which completes side II of the Ansermet disc) largely from his recollection of Borodin's performance of it on the piano. Both works are done by Ansermet with his celebrated care, and the reproduction is thoroughly satisfactory. For those whose interest is Borodin, rather than merely the second symphony, this would seem the preferable purchase.

So far as the Mitropoulos and Kletzki second sides are concerned, neither adds materially to the attraction of the disc. Both are first-class recordings—the Mitropoulos is an especial credit to the Columbia technicians—but neither has a persuasive feeling for the work involved. Mitropoulos imposes some of his angular ideas of phrasing on the Tchaikovsky suite (the Goehr, for Concert Hall, though not as well-sounding, flows more smoothly) and Kletzki's Caucasians are a little genteel. Most likely, if RCA would persuade Stokowski to re-state his ideas on this score, the results would be in yet another realm of tonal impressionism.

Variations by Dvorak

DVORAK: *"Symphonic Variations," op. 78. Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.* Columbia ML-4974, $3.98 (with BALAKIREFF: *Tamar*).

AS THOSE devoted to the G major (No. 4) symphony of Dvorak and its superb finale are aware, the Bohemian composer was a master, among other things, of writing variations. Perhaps it was the example of Brahms that impelled him to this creation (it dates from 1877, or four years after the publication of the "Haydn Variations"), but the mode of expression is all his own.

In the manner of Brahms's earlier variations on a theme of Handel (for piano), Dvorak leads his thoughts to a fugal culmination. However, he gives an even rounder sense of form to the whole by adding an epilogue recalling the first variation. It is also an admirable example of Dvorak's skill as an orchestrator, with devoirs to his predecessors and contemporaries.

Searching the archives of phonographic documentation, one discovers there is only a single predecessor to this venture, a virtually forgotten version by Henry Wood in the Thirties. However, as it was an enthusiasm of Hans Richter, it is not hard to understand from whence Beecham derived his acquaintance with it. As in such another little-known work of Dvorak as "The Golden Spinning Wheel," Beecham applies a blend of rhythmic animation and appropriate sentiment. It gives the composer's invention everything it merits without understatement or overemphasis.

After a cycle of time in which such a work as "Tamar" was ignored even by recording conductors, it is something of a paradox to find it in the "What, Again?" category. There are, in fact, two other excellent efforts available: Ansermet's and Fistoulari's. However, Beecham has his own strain of sensitivity where Russian music is concerned, and there are elements of poetic expression in his presentation which are not matched by either of his contemporaries. Both works are very satisfactory in sound, but hardly in the 'i-fi category.

What's My Fine?

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Nutcracker" suite.* SCHUBERT: *Symphony in B minor ("Unfinished"). Unidentified orchestra and conductor. Arlene Francis, reader.* Camden CAL-256, $1.98.

ASIDE FROM the identification of Miss Arlene Francis as the reader of scripts written by Fred Grunfeld, the circumstances of this disc are stubbornly anonymous. There is no explanation of what purpose it is supposed to serve, and no suggestion at all of what performances of the Tchaikovsky and Schubert music are involved.

That may be just as well for the feelings and pride of whatever performers, living or deceased, are involved, for the proportion of talk to music is almost insulting. Take, for an instance, the treatment of the "Nutcracker" suite. A brief flutter of musical sound at the beginning suggests that some intelligent plan is involved; however, a close attention to what follows establishes beyond contradiction that there are nearly fifteen minutes of talk blanketing a mere two minutes plus of music.

The proportions are slightly less gross in the Schubert, but hardly more gratifying. Twelve minutes of verbiage precede such music as the side contains, and the extended stretch of the second movement heard thereafter hardly offsets the preceding blather.

As anyone who has ever had occasion to write at length about music is aware, to produce five, six, seven minutes of prose about a given composition is a challenging assignment. When Miss Francis reads—in a this-won't hurt-much voice—the well-meaning but not too informative words of Grunfeld—one can only wonder: for whom was this disc intended? Kiddies can hardly follow the involved musical thoughts involved, and adults can scarcely care much about the fanciful fictions woven into the verbal text.

Taken together, the venture adds nothing to the likeability of Miss Francis, the scholarship of Grunfeld, or the workmanship of the engineers. Given a blindfold test (*à la* Miss Francis's "What's My Line?") of this material, I'd say that it is not designed for a profit-making organization, it won't come to the consumer, and it

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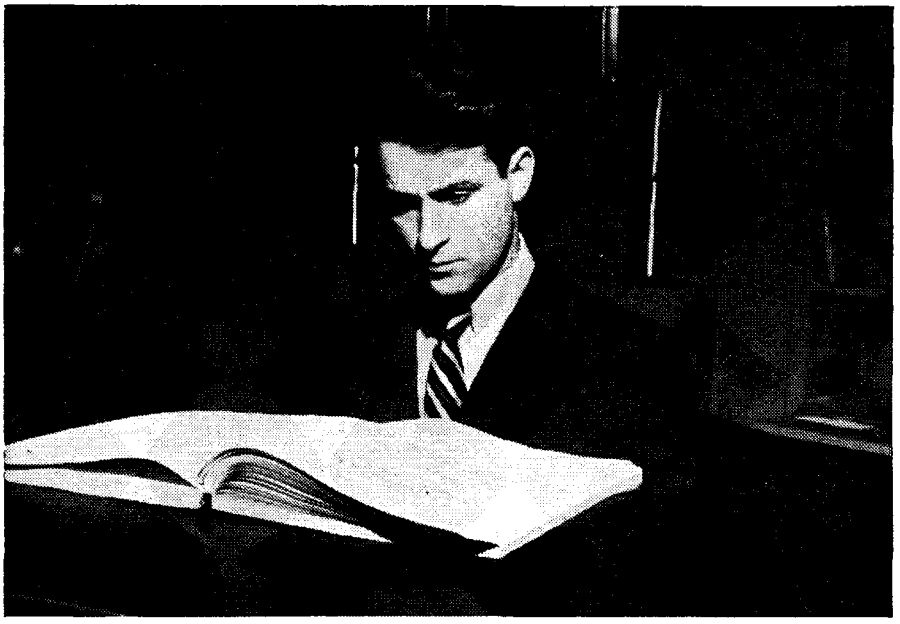
does not result in a useful product. If there is a fine involved, I'd designate the fifty dollar forfeit for my favorite charity—RCA Victor.

Chopin by Kapell

CHOPIN: *Seventeen Mazurkas. William Kapell, piano.* RCA Victor LM-1865, $3.98.

DOUBTLESS there will be a devoted public of the late Kapell who will relish every note of this disc, among a dwindling supply remaining unreleased (my understanding is that there are some additional items on hand, but not enough for another full LP). The mazurkas are a special aspect of Chopin whose superior interpreters have not necessarily excelled in all other categories of his writing. I think in the first instance of Pachmann and Rosenthal among pianists of the past, of Rubinstein and Horowitz, Jonas and Novaes among those of the present. Not all of these played the mazurkas in the same way—far from it, in fact—but all made of each item a small vignette of dramatic expression. That is the aspect in which most of these performances by Kapell strike me as deficient. Such a favorite as the A minor (opus 7, No. 2) is beautifully outlined by Kapell, but it is substantially a sequence of well-articulated notes he offers, with little more than a superficial approach to the inner values of the music. For, in the last analysis, the common quality provided by Pachmann and Rosenthal, Rubinstein, Horowitz, Jonas, and Novaes in this music was not strength, or deftness or facility, but charm—that quality of all in which Kapell's playing is most wanting.



"Such a favorite as the A minor is beautifully outlined by Kapell."

More Opera, More Callas

GIVEN a sufficiency of time it seems there will be two versions of every standard opera—one with Maria Callas, one of the more conventional kind. Those who raise an eyebrow at the implications of "every" should remember that the lady already has "Traviata," "Cavalleria," "Lucia," and "Gioconda" out of the way, as well as her own special Bellini literature, and has recently added "Pagliacci" (Angel 3527, $10.98) and "Forza del Destino" (Angel 3531, $15.98) to the list. Who knows, that long-mooted complete "Ring" may become a reality when Callas adds the other Brünnhildes to the one she sings in "Walküre."

As between Leoncavallo and Verdi, Callas is clearly more suited to the latter—though she comes close to convincing one that she is really a Nedda. That sensation comes in the dramatic outbursts of both acts, for which esteem grows with hearing and rehearing. However, there are also the long lyric stretches to be considered, and in these the voice lacks the desired sweetness and flexibility. But she is always the artist, and even though Angel's exploitation of her fame has here exceeded its good judgment, she is a more interesting Nedda than most of her contemporary "lyrics."

This is an odd set in other ways, though admirably conducted by Serafin. Giuseppe di Stefano is no more a Canio than Callas is a Nedda, but he lacks the resourcefulness of the lady to convince us otherwise. In his case, it is a want of vocal power rather than an abundance of it, with the curious result that his best efforts coincide with her poorer ones, and *vice versa*. In other words, when she is soaring, dramatically, he is struggling, and when he is coasting, lyrically, she is striving to hold herself in. Tito Gobbi does commendably with the music of Tonio, and Serafin holds all the elements, including the orchestra, tightly in hand.

"Forza," however, is another matter—and her Leonora is a fine addition to the growing gallery of her impersonations. If there are any who are still unacquainted with the Callas voice and wonder why it is considered exceptional, I commend them to the beginning of side 3, in which Leonora pleads for sanctuary in the convent. Every phrase is instinct with dramatic meaning, and when Verdi explodes a vocal climax Callas responds like a thoroughbred to the flick of a whip. It is good to hear, also, Nicola Rossi-Lemeni sounding (as Father Guardiano) more like the vocalist he was a few years ago.

OTHER than the performance of Callas, this "Forza" does not always measure to the high level set by soprano and conductor. I have a wholesome respect for the abilities of Richard Tucker (on loan from Columbia), and the beauty of his sound is a frequent pleasure as Don Alvaro. However, he has always been something of a vocal purist, and the endeavor to simulate the Italian style espoused by his associates results in too much that is strenuous, manifestly sobby, and tortured.

In other prominent roles, the authority of Carlo Tagliabue is an abiding interest of his Don Carlo, though the voice is now dry and rough for such a duet as "Solenne in quest'ora." Nor is Elena Nicolai of more than routine quality in the mezzo measures of Preziosilla. Thanks to the concentrated, careful work of Serafin—who is in the best of old-time form throughout this undertaking—the performance has a sturdy framework of purpose from first to last. Unfortunately, not all the performers are worthy of a place in it. Both works have been very well engineered. —I. K.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Auber: "Bronze Horse," "Fra Diavolo," "Crown Diamonds," and "Masaniello" Overtures. Albert Wolff conducting the Conservatoire Orchestra. London LL-1157, $3.98.	Sparkling performances under Wolff's knowing direction, with the lightness and dash wanted in these sometimes hard-driven works. Though the Boston "Pop" versions with Fiedler in charge have long enjoyed favor, there is a freshness and flavor in these performances which is hardly resistible. Very good sound also.
Beethoven: Concerto in D. David Oistrakh, violin, with the Stockholm Festival Orchestra conducted by Sixten Ehrling. Angel 35162, $4.98.	The violinistic demonstration by Oistrakh is all that one expects, in precision and glistening clarity, of this fine artist; but it strikes me as rather muscular Beethoven he offers, with too little heart or sentiment. Ehrling's direction is more than a little stodgy and unimaginative for the magnitude of his soloist. Successful engineering.
Debussy: "Ibéria" and "La Mer." Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony. RCA Victor LM-1833, $3.98. The same. Désiré Inghelbrecht conducting the Orchestre du Théâtre des Champs-Elysées. Westminster WL-5327, $5.95.	As those who know phonographic lore are aware, Inghelbrecht is an old and able hand with this repertory. However, he has no such sense of detail or meticulous balance of sound values as Toscanini. The count against the latter is mostly in terms of reproduction, for these are both reworkings of originals dating back to 8H (*circa* 1950), and the amount of possible improvement is, after all, limited. On the other hand, the Inghelbrecht, though more contemporary in recording, is merely different not better; for much of "Ibéria" sounds like a concerto for tambourine and castenets with orchestral accompaniment. The net of it is that a really first-class "Ibéria" is still to be issued.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 4. Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35214, $4.98.	Sawallisch at thirty-two (the war obviously retarded his development) is one of the more promising young conductors in Middle Europe, as this well-shaped, admirably-controlled performance illustrates. However, he does not have the knowledge of this score conveyed by Bruno Walter in his prizeable recording, or the intuitive feeling for it shown by Kubelik in his for HMV. The "Scherzo Capriccioso" is offered as bonus. Crisp, bright sound.
Elgar: "Enigma" Variations, "Wand of Youth" suite. Sir Adrian Boult conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra. LHMV 7, $4.98.	Those who contend that Elgar is, in reality, a dull composer will have ample substantiation of their view in this very proper and oh-so-earthbound interpretation, in which everything, apparently, is done to avoid the sparkle and largeness of spirit imparted to it by Toscanini. However, the orchestra plays as though it believes implicitly in Boult as well as Elgar. The appended suite is Elgar for Elgarians only. Big, spacious sound.
Henkemans: Concerto (1950). Theo Olof, violin, with the Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Eduard van Beinum. Pijper: Concerto. Henkemans, piano, with van Beinum and the Concertgebouw. Epic LC-3093, $3.98.	Henkemans is both a gifted composer and an able pianist, as the two sides of this disc attest. His concerto, very well played by Olof, has many qualities of interest, if somewhat too belated a derivation from French impressionism for my taste. The Pijper work (of 1927) has more individuality, but the orchestral scoring is disproportionately prominent to the solo instrument. Excellent sound throughout, which includes "Six Symphonic Epigrams" of Pijper as encore.
Mahler: Symphony No. 8. Eduard Flipse conducting chorus, soloists, etc., and the Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra. Epic SC-6004, $7.96.	Proper evaluation of this effort must await detailed examination of the several other Mahler symphonies (Nos. 1 and 9) recently added to the repertory. However, the first hearing is not too promising of unsuspected values: like its predecessor in the Columbia catalogue, it was made at an actual performance and the engineers have not dealt too successfully with the problems of mass presented by the scoring. Since the label does not bother to identify the soloists, esteem for them is hardly intensified.
Mozart: Concerto in E flat (No. 14, K.449). Friedrich Gulda, piano, with Anthony Collins directing the London Symphony Orchestra. London LL-1158, $3.98.	The attractions of Gulda's thoughtful style in this music are much magnified by the excellent focus and proportion of Collins's attention to the orchestral score, especially in the slow movement. However, that thoughtful style is a little ponderous for the Strauss "Burleske" on side two, which is still wanting an interpreter of suitable fantasy. For Mozart, the reproduction is just about perfection.
Mozart: Concertos in G (No. 17, K.453) and B flat (No. 27, K.595). Hans Henkemans, piano, with John Pritchard conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. Epic LC-3117, $3.98.	By contrast with the foregoing, Pritchard seems to be conducting just so many notes to the bar, especially in the tutti passages which are the lifeline of interest in these scores. Henkemans is a facile enough pianist, but manifests no particular sympathy for the composer to whom he pays honor (this, apparently, is part of a complete set of the concerti by Henkemans and Pritchard). Very fine open recording, though the closeness of the microphoning reproduces a good deal of mechanical noise from the keys and pedals along with the music.
Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 3 in A minor. Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML-4961, $4.98.	The Philadelphia has always been the "Rachmaninoff orchestra" par excellence, due not alone to its close collaboration in other days with the composer himself, but also to its distinctive traits of tone and timbre. Here Ormandy has the aid of sensitive engineering of the sort that made his recording of the second Rachmaninoff symphony of such outstanding quality. His expert direction of the score is duplicated in the subjoined "Vocalise."
Tchaikovsky: Concerto in D. Sinding: Suite in A minor, Ravel: "Tzigane." Jascha Heifetz, violin, with the Los Angeles Philharmonic conducted by Alfred Wallenstein. Victor LM-1832, $3.98.	Heifetz's flavorful playing of this little-heard work is much the most attractive music-making on this disc which also includes a reissue of his version of the Tchaikovsky concerto with Walter Süsskind directing the Philharmonia Orchestra. No one can deny the mastery Heifetz manifests in the Ravel and Tchaikovsky works, but the playing is a little machine made and without zest. In addition, the recording throughout belongs to an earlier epoch of confined studio sound, to the detriment of his celebrated tone.
Warlock: "Capriol Suite," "Serenade for Delius." Boyd Neel String Orchestra. London LD-9170, $2.98.	End-of-the-day music, when the attractions of the more demanding sort have palled. Neel and his excellent group play it superbly, with proper consideration for dance forms involved, also for the scoring in the manner of Vaughan Williams's "Tallis" fantasy. In addition to the attractive "Serenade for Frederick Delius" the second side offers an ingratiating minuet by Ireland. Rich textured, well balanced tone.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Beethoven

Continued from page 37

ly followed No. 2) meets its counterpart in the searching profundity and spaciousness he brings to the great E flat (nothing will induce me to call it "The Emperor").

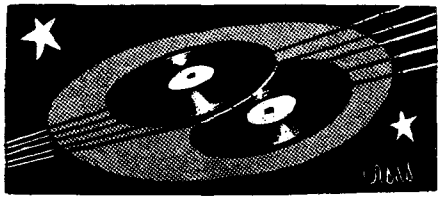
An analysis of Schnabel's mellow humanity in slow movements—as in the Third Concerto, where the solemn shock of E major transports us so far from the C minor tonality elsewhere—reveals two of his supreme awarenesses: that harmony, like melody, has emotional significance, and that expressive ornamentation is the priceless ingredient of eloquence and elegance. I see few signs on the pianistic horizon that any set issued in our time could surpass Schnabel's in passionate grandeur. His power spurred Sargent to impressive collaborations. Victor is to be congratulated, and in no small degree for the technical skill expended to capture the rapture of the old discs.

Certain individual recordings call for special comment. In the interests of space and expediency, I shall list them in condensed form:

CONCERTO NO. 1: Rudolf Serkin (Columbia): The vitality of the first movement, warm sentiment of the second, and exuberance of the last add up to the finest current interpretation. This, despite a somewhat over-large canvas for the winsome work and an astonishingly rough orchestral reading from Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Gieseking (Columbia): A clean and impersonal account, with strange tempi for the outer movements. Badura-Skoda (Westminster): Precise and sensitive in ensemble with Scherchen, but the piece could stand far more wit and charm. Friedrich Gulda (London): Well played, but almost comically solemn.

CONCERTO NO. 2: Wilhelm Backhaus (London): A stunning and spontaneous performance by a master, in music ideally suited to his superb ease. Badura-Skoda (Westminster): Here the soloist shows a fine identification with the mood and character of this delicious concerto, although he does not match Backhaus's crispness.

CONCERTO NO. 3: Emil Gilels (Angel): To my taste this disc heads the contemporary list. Finely conceived



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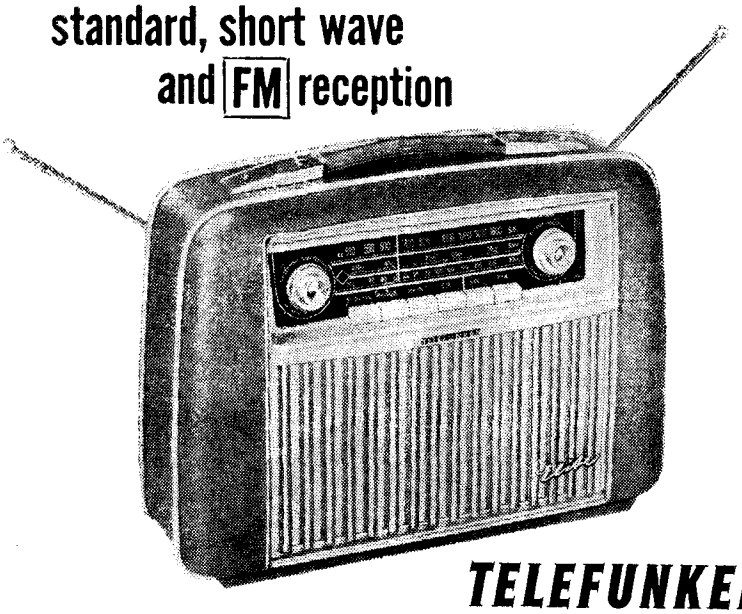

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Septet, opus 20. Members of the Vienna Octet. London LL-1191. $3.98.	Considering the point of origin, this is not quite the solidly-satisfying sound sensation one would have expected. Each instrument, individually, is expertly played, and the musical ensemble is excellent; however, the pick-up tends to present each as a separate strand of sound. Moreover, a large room has been used, which further disperses the sound. It is otherwise beautifully just to Beethoven, with a special credit for the leadership (violin) of W. Boskovsky.
Donizetti: "Tu che a Dio," ("Lucia"). Mozart: "Il mio tesoro," ("Don Giovanni"), etc. Cesare Valetti, with orchestra conducted by Arturo Basile. Cetra A-50176, $4.98.	For no reason I can put a finger on aurally, Valletti reverses the usual in being a less effective singer on discs than he is in the opera house. Thus, his Mozart sounds labored beside the memory of what he has done at the Met, the requirements of Edgardo demanding more power than he can provide. However, he does pull himself together to sing a very good "Ah fuyez douce image" though his "Le Rêve" from the same opera ("Manon") is strained.
Dvorak: Quintet in A. Barylli Quartet, with Edith Farnadi, piano. Quartet in A flat, opus 105. Barylli Quartet Westminster WL-5337, $5.95.	The well-known quintet is ably played by Farnadi and men, but it is the less-celebrated quartet (not to be confused with the often-played "American") which really catches the ear. Melodious in the extreme, it is also written with a free-flowing sense of design unusual for Dvorak. The first-class performance is reproduced with an admirable combination of fullness and balance.
Gabrieli: "Canzon septimi toni No. 1." Purcell: Music for Queen Mary II, etc. Brass Ensemble directed by Roger Voisin. Unicorn Records UN-1003, $3.98.	Bearer of a name celebrated in brass-playing circles for two generations, this Roger Voisin, presently a prominent member of the Boston Symphony, is the son of the long-time first trumpet of that orchestra. He leads an ensemble of fellow members of the BSO in remarkably polished, meticulously controlled performances of a mostly forgotten repertory by Bonelli, Buonamente, Locke, Pezel, and Reiche, in addition to those mentioned. At its best, the recording is very satisfactory, but the placement *vis-a-vis* the microphone is, unfortunately, not consistent.
Glazounow: Sonata in G minor. Emil Gilels, piano. Colosseum CRLP-178, $3.98.	On the evidence of this work, Glazounow as a composer for the piano was much under the spell of Schumann. The spell is good, but the master cast it much better than the disciple. Gilels's version of the Saint-Saëns second Concerto is better represented on the Angel release than in the earlier, Russian-recorded performance offered on side II.
Gomez: "Di spose," ("Salvator Rosa"). Verdi: "Il lacerato spirito" ("Simon Boccanegra"), etc. Cesare Siepi, bass, with orchestra conducted by Alberto Erede. London LD-9169, $2.98.	Given the rolling measures of the Gomes aria or the sustained ones of the Verdi, Siepi is as rich-voiced a singer as there is today. He also has material highly suitable to him in the low range of "Nonnes, qui reposez" from Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" and "Si la rigueur" from "La Juive." The sound problems are solved very well.
Grieg: Quartet in G, opus 27. Rachmaninoff: Quartet in G minor. Guilet String Quartet. MGM E-3133, $3.98.	Good will abounds in these performances, but the repertory sounds under-rehearsed for the standards usually applied to recording. Intonation is not exact enough and the total sound is a little thin and attenuated. For that matter, the studio itself does not sound favorable to the liveness of sound desired.
Kreutzer: "Prayer" ("Nachtlager in Granada"), etc. Chorus and Orchestra of the Städtische Oper, Berlin, Hansgeorg Otto conducting. Telefunken TM-68031, $2.98.	A favorite enterprise of 78-rpm days, done up with spacious high-fidelity effects, and showing the excellence of the mixed voices of the Berlin ensemble to decided advantage. Also included on the ten-inch disc are such familiar operatic ensembles as the entry of the guests and Pilgrim's Chorus from "Tannhäuser" and the huntsmen's chorus from Weber's "Der Freischütz." The technical work throughout is first class.
Mozart: Quartets in D (K.499) and B flat (K.589). Netherlands String Quartet. Epic LC-3100, $3.98.	Silky-sounding, well-phrased performances which are, however, on the reticent side, especially in the slow movements. The finesse and detail of the reproductions are worth noting, especially as the B flat (K.589) is one of three dedicated to the King of Prussia, with a particularly ample cello part.
Mozart: Quintet in A (K.581). Alfred Boskovsky, clarinet, and members of the Vienna Octet. London LL-1167, $3.98.	Orderly enough performance which, however, does not add much to the appeal of a work already finely served by artists as various as Etienne and Kell, Wlach and Goodman. Boskovsky plays a sound clarinet, but hardly has the outgoing impulse to give his part its proper expression. What results is a performance lacking leadership, especially when the nominal leader (Willy Boskovsky, the first violinist) has a subordinate place. Well balanced sound.
Schubert: "Die Junge Nonne," etc. Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with Edwin McArthur, piano. RCA Victor LM-1870, $3.98.	Flagstad as a *Lieder* singer has (aside from her Grieg repertory) hardly been on the level of her other attainments, and these examples of her later style have familiar virtues and limitations. In the first aspect are, of course, the peerless vocal production (a little strained here) and word articulation, but such a song as "Die Post" is hard going for her. However Brahms's "Leibestreu" is beautifully sung, as are Strauss's "Wiegenlied," "Allerseelen," "Zueignung," etc. McArthur's "Night" is included among a trio of songs in English. Good sound.
Vivaldi: Concerto in E ("Il Riposo"), etc. Societa Corelli. RCA Victor LM-1880, $3.98.	This version of Vivaldi's invigorating score is a welcome improvement on the earlier Cetra, especially in sound. The exceptional attainments of the ensemble are a pleasure to hear also in a Galuppi "Concerto a Quattro" (No. 2 in D), a Bonporti "Concerto" and Corelli's "La Folia." The resonant background is especially spacious.
Wagner: "Am Stillen Herd," etc. Hans Hopf, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Rudolf Moralt. Epic LC-3103, $3.98.	Despite the Wagnerian contention that he wrote no "arias," this is, in effect, a collection of the best solo opportunity for the tenor in "Meistersinger," "Lohengrin," "Walküre," and "Flying Dutchman." "Allmächt'ger Vater, Blick' Herab" from "Rienzi" may be regarded as mildly esoteric. Hopf sings them all in much the same way, with the not-too-beguiling voice rather hard driven, especially at the top. Moralt provides adequate support, and the recording is worthy of better than it has to convey.
Wagner: "Fliedermonolog," "Wahnmonolog." Paul Schoeffler, bass-baritone, with with Hans Knappertsbusch conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. London LD-9078, $2.98.	No information is tendered with the disc, but there seems little reason to doubt that these are excerpts from the complete "Meistersinger" in which Schoeffler is the Sachs and Knappertsbusch the conductor. It is, in any case, richly poetic, warmly musical performance which Schoeffler offers: not so suave in vocal texture as some great Sachses of the past but hardly inferior, otherwise, to the best of which there is record. Fine sound.
Wolf: "Der Musikant," "Michelangelo Lieder," etc. Heinz Rehfuss, baritone, with Hans Willi Haeusslein, piano. London LD-9182, $2.98.	As might have been anticipated from various other recordings, Rehfuss is a first-rate *Lieder* singer, with the not inconsequential ability to avoid the monotony and dulness many otherwise able singers impart to Wolf. Beautifully articulated, subtly shaded singing. Haeusslein does his work well and the recording is excellent. —I. K.

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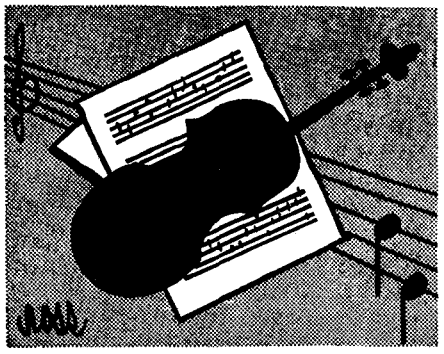
tempi, warmth, and spaciousness are aided by beautiful reproduction and complete rapport between Gilels and conductor André Cluytens. Rubinstein (Victor): Enthusiasm and vigor to the point of hypertension display soloist and conductor Toscanini below their best. Serkin (Columbia): Depth, style, and drive are all present, surcharged with a nervous restlessness which affects the total. Backhaus (London): A masterfully poised performance, with romantic ardor in shorter supply. Grant Johannesen (Musical Masterpiece Society): Good taste, fluency and accuracy are the chief attributes, with dramatic warmth less in evidence than the finesse and sensitivity always present in Johannesen's admirable pianism. Claudio Arrau (Columbia): Solid, secure, and forceful, but spontaneity and poetic subtlety rarely enter this otherwise skilful reading. Moiseivitch (Victor): An entirely admirable and classic interpretation.

CONCERTO NO. 4: Solomon (HMV): Clarity, sensitivity, and imagination yield a beautiful performance, with rhythmic incisiveness the only missing element. Gieseking (Columbia): The best Beethoven playing I have heard from this extraordinary artist, assisted by a remarkably proportioned orchestral collaboration from Karajan. Casadesus (Columbia): A competent, cool, and casual reading which does no justice to the soloist or the composition.

CONCERTO NO. 5: Horowitz (Victor): Pianistically masterful in sonority and impeccable articulation. Stylistically less compelling. Curzon (London): Despite a strongly authoritative orchestral contribution from conductor George Szell, the soloist provides a bland and detached reading when he isn't grappling with the dimensional and physical problems of the huge frame. The recording is also marred in the last movement by a sudden change of pitch and quality when the piano enters after the first tutti. Badura-Skoda (Westminster): The gifted young performer turns in a small-scaled job rendered still more unconvincing by an ill-balanced orchestra whose "brash"-section dominates everything. Backhaus (London): A granite performance in a work perfectly wedded to Backhaus's sweeping style. Serkin (Columbia): A remarkable, perceptive, and spirited performance from soloist and conductor Ormandy at their most distinguished.

THIS covers a great deal of piano playing and some of it, in part or in toto, is great indeed. Everything is needed in the way of artistic equipment and vision to do full justice to the five monumental works. Schnabel's achievement throughout the set is evidence of tremendous scholarship and imagination. Pianistically he had undeniable lapses, but in music like this, flawless execution is immeasurably less important than emotional drama and intellectual depth. He had both.

And yet—and yet—who remembers with me the First Concerto as performed by Rachmaninoff, or the Third, Fourth, and Fifth played by Hofmann at his height? Whoever does will rue their unavailability on disc, as they will agree that such complete artistry, such iridescent magic have all but vanished from the earth.



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Drums, Now and Then

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

THE drummers of jazz, like Sir Philip Sidney's vision of the poet-prophet, have long been held to be the high priests of their art. Perhaps one reason is that both jazz and life are inescapably fixed on bones of rhythm. It is also possible that the art of jazz drumming, which springs set rhythms with surprise and spontaneity, can act as a kind of short-order catharsis for the listener as well as the musician. There is, too, a singular appeal in the visual-aural image the average listener has of the jazz drummer: the set of drums with its satisfying asymmetry of circular shapes in depth; the drummer himself, often seated remote and emperor-like behind or above the musicians; and the peculiarly stirring timbres of thin brass and cowhide, which can rampage a man's soul.

About five years ago, however, a new body of jazz drumming that had been thoughtfully and rebelliously tended by men like Kenny Clarke, Max Roach, Shelley Manne, and Art Blakey—all of whom had listened closely to Charlie Parker—began sprouting persuasively at the center of modern jazz. Facile, frosted, and subtle, this approach, which accents the a-rhythmic and quasi-melodic, has now fashionably put all preceding styles of drumming aside as rude and obtuse. The effects of this visionary attempt to sand away at the very nature of the instrument are frequently disastrous—rhythm is sacrificed for pastels, true improvisation dwindles, the listener's foot ceases tapping, the heart goes cold. Recently, in a Boston nightclub, Max Roach, who is a brilliant technician, took a two or three minute up tempo solo, in which he consciously and skilfully—one could *see* him deliberating—wrought out a stream of "melodic" statements from the variously pitched sounds of snare, tom toms, and cymbals. When he had finished, in place of the traditional audience explosion, there was silence, broken only by coughing and the winkling of ice.

—*Robert Parent.*

"Big Sid" Catlett—"light yet propellent."

In group work, a further experiment of many of the new drummers is the switch from the bass drum as carrier of the beat to a large "ride" cymbal, the bass drum falling back as a nervous punctuator of offbeats. And, where once drummers used to spread their supporting work about their sets, most modernists, as though hypnotised by a huge brass eye, remain glued to the ride cymbal, giving one the somnolent feeling (about two thirds of the way through a number) of listening to a steady escape of low-pressure steam. At the same time, their left hands, disembodied, are apt to be chattering away at the new-style, cookie-thin snare drums with rapid woodpecker-like beats, which, instead of providing structure for the melody instruments, tend only to confuse the air.

Until the early Thirties the dominating jazz drummer was a moon-faced, hunchy man named Baby Dodds, who compounded his utterances from intricate, silken, snare drum figures, tasseled with the sounds of wood blocks, cow bells, drum rims, and Chinese cymbals. Dodds exerted a powerful primary influence on a host of young drummers such as Dave Tough, Gene Krupa, George Wettling, and Ray Bauduc. A contemporary of Dodds's, Zutty Singleton, who bobbed and thundered about his set like a top-heavy rubber doll, elasticized Dodds's techniques with more cymbals, more drums, and by exploring more fully the possibilities of solos. Then, in the mid-Thirties, with recording equipment advanced sufficiently to allow a full set of drums in a studio, and with the invention of high-hat cymbals, Chick Webb, a spidery, gentle hunchback, began illustrating how a drummer could exhilarate and even shape the melodic content of a jazz band. In doing so, Webb, who could float a fifteen-piece group over the rooftops at will by simply

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"Chick Webb illustrated how a drummer could exhilarate and shape the band."

using wire brushes as a kind of carpeted but continually pulsive underpinning, loosened jazz drumming from the chunky, ticky foundations it had had before. After Chick Webb came, in time, the celebrated concert-hall drummers (Gene Krupa, Buddy Rich, Louis Bellson), together with a large group of men (Jimmy Crawford, Jo Jones, Specs Powell, Dave Tough, J. C. Heard, Cozy Cole, Sidney Catlett), who, taken as a whole, have been the steadiest and richest in jazz.

OF this group, Catlett, who died unexpectedly in 1951 at the age of forty-one, is now regarded by some as the greatest of all jazz drummers. When he died Big Sid, as he was called, was evolving a pedestal for jazz drumming that, in its considerations for both the colors and strengths inherent in the instrument, is still fresh, streamlined, and solid. A tall, big-shouldered, tempered man, with hands roughly the size of bathmats, he had impeccable taste, more technique than he needed, extraordinary versatility (he recorded with equal felicity under Sidney Bechet, Benny Goodman, and Dizzy Gillespie, to name a few), and a controlled creative imagination which turned many of his solos to art. One night in 1943, for instance, at the old Cafe Society Uptown in New York, where Catlett was playing with a memorable small band led by Teddy Wilson, it was announced that he would fill in, solo, until Hazel Scott, who was late, arrived to open the floor show. He began at a slow tempo with wire brushes, gossiping them back and forth among his cymbals, his body straight and stationary, his long arms moving with windmill grace, his hands seemingly detached blurs. He ended ten minutes later with sticks in a terrifying—so completely had he persuaded one—but not loud fusillade that trembled a room filled with profiteers and sugar daddies. As a collective improviser, on the other hand, Catlett framed and even anticipated with a rare hypersensitivity each solo instrument or group of instruments, and, when necessary, in his curiously light yet propellent way, could make a stumbling soloist suddenly sound like wind in summer trees.

Certainly some of Catlett's definition and electricity (the value of a single beat; the use of short, shocking silences for tension) is to be found in the work of modernists like Joe Morello, Shelley Manne, Bobby Donaldson, and Chico Hamilton. But Catlett's artistry, as well as that of Jo Jones, Jimmy Crawford, and the great Dave Tough, who died in 1948, deserves closer admiration. Such a revival, in fact, could help lead modern drummers back from a largely unsuccessful progressivism to being communicative performers of advanced technical invention *and* forceful grace. And they, in turn, could help fan the improvisational heat that so much modern jazz now smothers.

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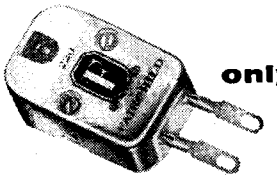

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THE OTHER SIDE

ELECTROSTATIC SPEAKERS, OISTRAIKH, OTHER MATTERS

LONDON.

AS WE approach the time when the annual BSRA exhibition—London's "Audio Fair"—draws the hi-fi-minded section of the populace irresistibly towards the Waldorf Hotel, the air is buzzing with talk of far-reaching developments. EMI's sortie into the world of stereophonic sound, reported last month, is not likely to go unchallenged and, in a long and carefully reasoned article published in the current issue of *The Gramophone*, H. J. Leak — whose name, I take it, needs no introduction to *SR* readers—argues the case for electrostatic loudspeakers. It is Leak's view that "the thirty years' supremacy of the moving-coil loudspeaker as a high-frequency reproducer is ending" and that "the development of balanced push-pull electrostatic loudspeakers will rank in importance, as an advance in listening quality, with the advent of the Rice-Kellogg moving-coil loudspeaker in 1925 and with the introduction of very low-distortion amplifiers in 1945." We shall, no doubt, hear strong protests against the latter assertion from the supporters of ribbon tweeters, but I for one look forward with some impatience to the day—not too distant, I believe—when we shall listen to Mr. Leak's new loudspeaker assembly.

Now that the BBC has officially opened its FM station at Wrotham in Kent (serving the London area), and has promised an FM coverage of Great Britain amounting to 83 per cent by the end of next year and 98 per cent by 1959, we may anticipate a great surge of interest in high-quality equipment: just as the big manufacturers are at last anxious to jump on the hi-fi bandwagon, so the public at large is beginning to understand that wide-range, undistorted, and interference-free sound need not be the prerogative of specialists or cranks.

FM is also likely to put makers of LP discs on their mettle and, already during the past six months, it has been possible to observe a welcome tendency towards a smoother, less aggressive treble response than was fashionable in the early days of LP. Recent DGG and Archive issues, in particular, have served to show how easily our ears can be deceived into accepting artificial brilliance in lieu of a genuinely wide frequency range; compared with the products of some companies specially favoured in hi-fi circles, these DGG recordings tend to sound almost tame yet, when subjected to a sharp nine kc/s cut, they appear to suffer greater loss than virtually any other records I have heard. "Pictures at an Exhibition" has long been a favored show-piece for engineers as well as for conductors and, if Markevitch's performance must be accounted too slick and superficial to oust the masterly readings of Ansermet and Toscanini, the sound of the Berlin Philharmonic as captured by DGG's technicians on a ten-inch disc is wonderfully satisfying by virtue of its unobtrusive fidelity. Of comparable quality is the same company's recording of the Franck Symphony; the skilled playing of the Bamberg Orchestra and Fritz Lehmann's sincere and restrained conducting make this version more acceptable to my ears than the overwrought efforts of some other protagonists. Oistrakh's performances recorded in the Eastern zone of Germany have not, so far, been of such technical excellence—his latest issue is devoted to Mozart's A major Concerto—but they are at any rate vastly superior to his Soviet recordings. Slightly disappointing, too, when measured against DGG's best standards, is Liszt's B minor Sonata: Andor Foldes gives an admirable, cool-headed reading, but the piano tone lacks real depth and the upper register sounds a trifle opaque.

The latest Archive issues include Bach's Magnificat and the original version of Handel's "Music for the Royal Fireworks" (both already issued in the USA by Decca), as well as some Scarlatti sonatas (labelled as "Essercizi") played on a Neupert harpsichord by Eliza Hansen, and the first two of Bach's six cello suites performed by Enrico Mainardi. It is not long since this cellist recorded several of the Suites for Decca (i.e. London) and I found those performances intolerably dull and heavy-handed. The new disc shows Mainardi in much better form and he is, moreover, superlatively recorded; nevertheless, his readings will almost certainly appear unimaginative to anyone reared on Casals's conceptions of these works.

Two orchestras with strong FFRR associations can be heard this month: the Paris Conservatoire and the London Philharmonic. The former, directed by Schuricht, plays excerpts

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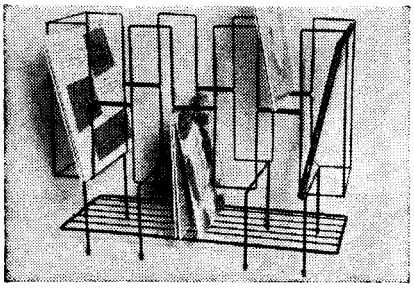

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from "Tristan" and "Götterdämmerung," but the performances are disappointing and cannot be recommended for all the excellence of the recording and the interesting way in which the conductor has linked "Rhine Journey" and "Death Scene" into a kind of "symphonic synthesis." The LPO, under Sir Adrian Boult, offers an enjoyable Walton miscellany which comprises the overtures "Portsmouth Point" and "Scapino," the ballet suite "The Wise Virgins" (based on music by Bach) and a charming miniature entitled "Siesta."

EMI's May list acknowledges the scarcely-believable fact that, on April 29, Sir Malcolm Sargent celebrated his sixtieth birthday. Two new recordings honor the occasion and, if the rather stodgy performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony—with the BBC Symphony Orchestra on HMV—hardly shows him at his best, Sargent is completely in his element when he conducts Elgar's great oratorio, "The Dream of Gerontius": this Columbia set is an outstanding achievement in every way. So, too, is another pair of Columbia discs, devoted to Mahler's Ninth Symphony, with Schönberg's "Verklärte Nacht" as "fill-up"; the performance by the Israel Philharmonic under Kletzki confirms the excellent impression made by this orchestra's first recordings, of which I wrote last month. The same company also offers Bizet's youthful opera, "Les Pêcheurs de Perles," recorded in Paris: a competent, routine Opéra-Comique production directed by André Cluytens, with Marthe Angelici, Henri Legay and Michel Dens in the principal rôles; there is also a wonderfully accomplished, if insufficiently buoyant account of Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole from Oistrakh and the Philharmonia under Martinon, while Brahms' B flat Quartet, Op. 67, is alluringly played by the Quartetto Italiano.

On HMV, in addition to the aforementioned Tchaikovsky symphony, we have several RCA Victor recordings—Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" (Munch), "Petrouchka" (Stokowski) and a selection of "Popular Favorites" (Toscanini)—as well as a Mozart coupling (B flat Concerto, K.450, and A major Sonata, K.331) from Solomon and intelligent but rather pedestrian performances of Chopin's B flat minor and B minor Sonatas by the Danish pianist, Victor Schiøler. Far and away the most enjoyable of HMV's May records, however, features that aptly named ensemble, the Virtuosi di Roma, whose performance of Vivaldi's celebrated "Le Quattro Stagioni" is as beautiful as it is full of vitality.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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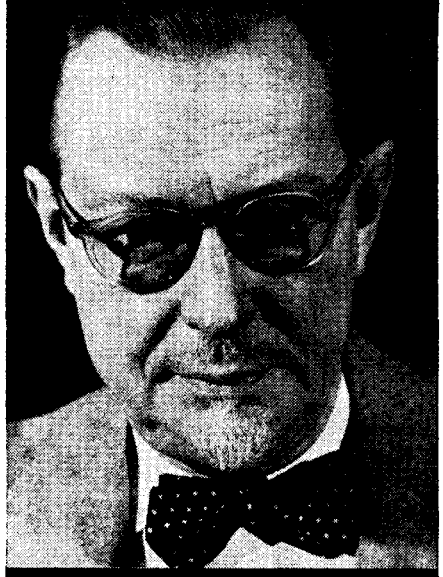

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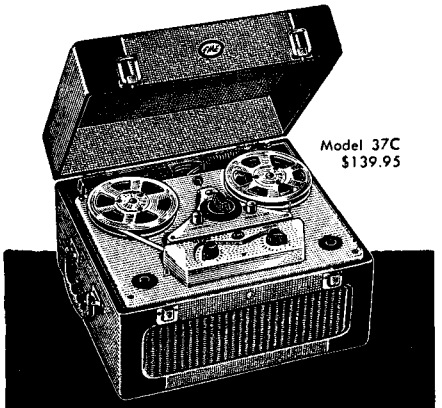

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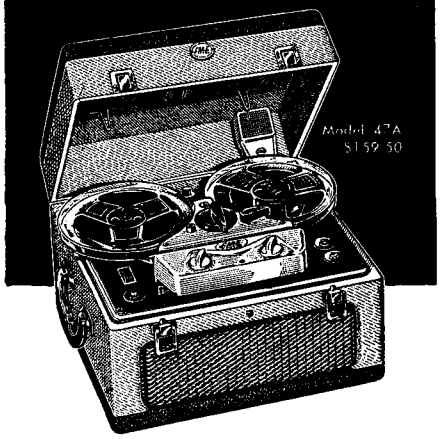

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TAPE RECORDER'S DAY IN COURT

RECORDINGS are admissible in some courts as evidence *under certain circumstances*. In other courts their admission rests with the discretion of the court. There are many ways to trap the unwary, to record damning testimony and admissions that may afterwards be offered as evidence in court, and, if admitted, this evidence, "true" or falsified, may be used to convict the defendant, innocent though he may be. For, mark this well, there is no *sure* way to prevent recorded testimony from being slanted—tampered with—by editing and re-recording the tape or wire in such a way that the "edited" testimony will favor one party in a trial at law.

It is sometimes, but not always, possible for an expert who is experienced in recognition of sound and in recording and editing methods to expose falsified recorded testimony. But it is indeed a horrid thought that men may be—perhaps have been already—convicted wholly or largely through the agency of tampered-with and altered recordings presented and accepted as legal evidence.

In one case a man and his wife agreed to a legal separation, the man to retain custody of their only son for six months of the year and the wife to have custody for the remaining six months. The man, in hope both of obtaining his wife's self-made admission of her inadequacy as a wife and mother and of blackening her character, installed a wire recorder near his telephone to which he then had his recorder connected. Thereafter, he left instructions with his maid that the wire recorder was to be turned on whenever the wife called to speak to her son, who was permitted to talk with his mother over the telephone only when the father or maid was present. During his own telephone conversations with his wife the man took every opportunity to goad her into some unguarded statement. The recorder was also turned on when the father was playing and talking with his son at home. Nine or ten hours of this kind of wire recording were made.

When the wife sued the husband, he presented his recordings as evidence and swore that they were *bona fide* recordings. This writer, called in as an expert witness, demonstrated falsification of the recordings. The wife, supposedly, swore viciously at her son over the telephone; the voice, however, was not that of the wife but of someone else. A voice had been disguised to simulate the wife's voice, but the voice frequencies of *this* recorded voice were considerably greater in range than could be passed by the husband's telephone line. Upon learning that he was on the point of being exposed, the man hurriedly capitulated.

If the trial of this case had continued, it would have been necessary in that particular court (according to attorneys) to present pictorial evidence of the fact that the voice alleged to be the wife's had been recorded directly, by means of a microphone and not from the telephone line in the defendant's (husband's) home.

Pictorial evidence of this nature, although difficult to obtain, can be procured. The first step is to isolate identical sounds from the taped voices of the persons concerned. These sounds are then re-recorded to tape, high-fidelity equipment being used. Leader tape is inserted between the samples of sound. Next, the ends of the re-recorded tape are spliced together to form a continuous loop, which permits the sounds—in this case the telephone voice and the microphone voice—to be repeatedly reproduced in close succession. The next step is connection of the output of the tape machine to a cathode-ray oscilloscope, on which the sounds are reproduced in the form of tracings of light. These light traces may be photographed by any one of several slightly different methods. Analysis of sound may also be rapidly accomplished by use of a sound spectrograph, a machine that converts sound into detailed drawings in a fraction of the time needed for the foregoing photographic method.

THE second case to illustrate falsification of recording is one in which a man was accused of perjury. A surreptitious recording was made in this man's office by a trusted "friend." The recording was purportedly made on a wire recorder, and the wire reel was deposited in court as evidence of perjury. Lawyers for the defendant, the alleged perjurer, engaged the writer as an expert witness. An exact copy, on magnetic tape, of the wire recording was obtained for examination. Except in certain portions that, by themselves, were damning to the accused man, the recorded conversa-

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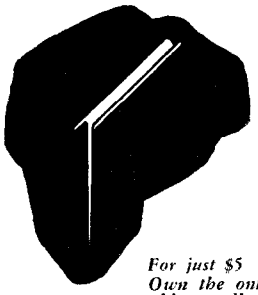

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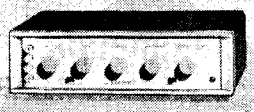

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tion was obscured by the noise of hammering. After thorough examination of the recording on tape, re-recordings through various kinds of filters were made in order to check several suspicions of the writer. Certain facts stood out like sore thumbs—the wire had been stopped twice and restarted twice, and there was evidence of editing at one point.

It was decided to play the recording in court before the jury. The recordist during cross-examination said that he did not know how many times the recorder had been stopped and started but emphatically affirmed that the wire had not been edited before it was deposited in court as evidence.

The writer advised the attorney for the defense that he (the writer) could positively prove that editing had occurred; either the wire reel presented in evidence had been edited, or it was actually a *copy* of an edited, intermediate re-recording of the wire on which the original recording had been made. In short, there had been an edit, and this fact could be proved.

The next morning the attorney for the plaintiff asked for permission to remove the wire recording from evidence on grounds that its lack of clarity would confuse the jury. Did knowledge of the fact that editing could have been proved persuade the plaintiff's attorney to eliminate the magnetic recording as evidence? There is no sure answer. The fact remains, however, that the case was won by the defendant.

The sound that convinced the writer that an edit had been made, although crudely, was a sound that was *not natural*. It was *part* of the sound of a *reverberating hammer blow*. The actual sound does not have as abrupt an onset as did that on the recording. The recorded sound started in the middle, rather than at the beginning, of the operation of whose sound it was, presumably, a complete reproduction. The recorded sound could have been obtained only by *cutting out*, by editing, the first half of the natural sound of the hammer blow. Since the pitch of the beginning of the remaining sound agreed in pitch with the "middle" of recorded reverberating actual hammer blows, it could not be argued that recording had been started in the middle of a hammer blow; if such had been the case, there would have been a slight change of pitch as recording started—a recognizable beginning "wow."

It is the belief of this writer that because of the ease with which complicated editing can be performed on tape, making possible perversion of a speaker's statements, sound recording should be outlawed as legal evidence.

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Three Guides to LP

By F. F. CLOUGH and G. J. CUMING, *joint editors of "The World's Encyclopedia of Recorded Music."*

WE NEED only pause a moment in our normal task of chronicling the international record scene to realize that in those countries where the output of LP discs has been increasing year by year the position of the ordinary record-buyer is rapidly becoming so confusing that he could hardly be blamed if he were to give up trying to choose the best from the many recordings of his favorite music, and turn to collecting something simpler to classify. While the monthly and other journals and their expert reviewers do their best to cover the continuous flow of good, bad, and indifferent records, there is obviously a need for a periodic retrospective stocktaking of the whole local field.

This can broadly take two forms: the list of summary, or the discursive analysis. The first is represented by the Basic Library recommendations of various periodicals, by a cumulative index to reviews, or by various dealers' booklets of recommendations. Now we have the first attempt at a comprehensive coverage of the whole current American LP repertory by the second method—and a satisfying attempt it is: **"The Guide to Long-Playing Records: Vocal Music,"** by Philip L. Miller (Knopf, $4.50); **"The Guide to Long-Playing Records: Orchestral Music,"** by Irving Kolodin (Knopf, $3.50); **"The Guide to Long-Playing Records: Chamber and Solo Instrument Music,"** by Harold C. Schonberg (Knopf, $3.50). These three handy volumes, in their brightly distinctive covers for easy shelf selection (even the top edge colors of the pages are different) divide the repertory into its three main sections.

Dividing the repertory in this way has certain advantages: the most obvious, portability—one can take the section one chooses along to the record store and use it to confound erroneous recommendations on the spot, and only have 268 pages of Kolodin, 381 of Miller, or 280 of Schonberg to carry around instead of a combined 929 (plus indexes). For comparison, the most comprehensive volume of this kind of the pre-LP era, David Hall's 1948 "Record Book," had 1,165 pages of criticism, plus over 200 of other matter, making a fairly bulky tome for much handling, even though done on thinner paper than that now offered by Alfred A. Knopf, which should prove more durable. On the other hand, division of labor by the authors can lead to additional trouble for the reader. For example, we find that operatic overtures are in the orchestral section, separated from their complete works; and so are orchestral arrangements of piano works—Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," for example. Mozart's divertimenti and serenades suffer from being on the border-line between orchestral and chamber music, and are rather arbitrarily divided between the two volumes. Many works for voice and orchestra, such as Mahler's "Kindertotenlieder," appear however in both the orchestral and the vocal volumes—with differing comments by the two authors—and if economy of space were really a consideration, this could have been avoided.

These volumes only claim to discuss the "best available recordings" presented alphabetically by composers. Kolodin claims in his preface that he only includes worthwhile recordings, except for cases where a definite warning is desirable; Schonberg claims to ignore submarginal recordings and interpretations, and addresses his volume to "incipient coin-flippers" who find decision hard; while Miller rejects the indifferent and others "of limited musical appeal." Though we ourselves might have drawn the line between inclusion and rejection at a different point in certain departments (Miller goes easy on Sullivan but includes electric "recreations" of acoustic vocals; Schonberg feels that ten-inch discs are uneconomic; Kolodin dislikes Vienna echo) and would perhaps have included a few technically faulty discs for their out-of-the run contents (where else will you find examples of Piccini and Traëtta but on Colosseum CLPS 1046?) and have sought in vain for a mention of the two good discs issued by the University of Oklahoma or Bodky's Unicorn disc of baroque keyboard music, yet we find these claims are, by and large, fully justified by results.

The quantity (though not necessarily the quality) of the critical comment varies. As the orchestral repertory (the most substantial and certainly the most popular) occupies the

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shortest volume, it is obvious that the amount of comment Kolodin permits himself must be limited; and in fact his comments are pithy in the extreme and much to the point, two or three lines sufficing to praise, or in some cases to condemn very roundly, all but the most important recordings. For the inexperienced collector, or the more knowledgeable musician who can hear few different recordings of one work, Kolodin's insistence mainly on quality of performance and recording at the expense of a discussion of the music itself may be a positive virtue for rapidity of reference, even though the personal element is necessarily prominent. The other authors devote more space to each disc and more to musical evaluation and background discussion. Hence, their volumes (and Miller's above all, where many of his criticisms are really miniature essays, apparently based on his contributions to periodicals) are more suitable for armchair reading than Kolodin's but less adapted for quick reference. In all three volumes the index of artists, and in the vocal volume also of opera titles and composers, are very useful aids.

The authors tend to go easy on details of the identification of contents of records, particularly of the "recital" variety in the instrumental volume, where Schonberg could have told us what music was included in the "Eight-year-old Mozart" recording on page 151, as he does for "Early Mozart Keyboard Music" on the same page; or in Biggs's "French Organ Music" or Peeters's "Old Masters" series (pp. 256, 274), however severe he is on the quality of the latter. Similarly, no attempt is made to help the reader over Bach's Chorale-Preludes in HS-3063, the Tchaikovsky Ballet Music excerpts (Kolodin, this time), and so on. From this angle, we feel that the "Record Guide" by E. Sackville-West and D. Shawe-Taylor (for English issues) manages matters just a little more helpfully. Surely an important function of the critic is to say *what* he is criticizing as well as his opinion about it.

It would have been helpful to have been given the date when these volumes closed for press, so that buyers who wished to continue to follow the authors' criticisms in the journals with which they are associated would know where to start their file. From internal evidence, we would estimate this date as December 1954, so that these books are as up-to-date as such a work can ever be. There are few faults to find with type or lay-out, and everything is easy to find and read. One small, but disconcerting failing affects the alphabetical prefixes before the record numbers, which, when they have a definite meaning as to price or size,

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have become so familiar to collectors. Schonberg omits London's LS and LL prefixes (denoting ten-inch and twelve-inch discs) while the others include them; Miller seems to like all prefixes, even Westminster's WL which has no particular meaning; while Kolodin adopts a central position, dropping Mercury's MG but keeping Columbia's ML. This is a small personal grouse, but a little co-ordination between authors could so easily have avoided it. Musicological standards vary too: thus, under Mozart Symphonies, Kolodin quotes only the *old* Köchel numbers for Nos. 2 and 3, so disguising their spuriosity as revealed by the Köchel-Einstein numbers; though under Pergolesi he refers to the varying attribution of the Concertinos—while Miller goes to the length of a special footnote on the dubious Pergolesi operas. And we really cannot extract a clear meaning from Kolodin's remarks on the "Rosamunde" Overtures on page 190 under Concert Hall F-6, particularly after what he has said on page 189 about the Westminster recording. On page 53 of the same volume some Couperin discs have strayed over to Corelli, and another is attributed to the wrong Couperin.

Writing from Britain, we are in no position to assess, much less to question, the validity of the opinions and criticisms of recorded quality offered in these volumes, as standards of reproduction seem to differ widely between our countries, and we understand even that re-recording and other adjustment of response curves can take place, so that an ostensibly identical recording can sound different in the U.S. and here. Thus, to say that we feel that in a few cases the authors are hard on some of our favorite recordings while they pass as acceptable some which we find almost unplayable over here is merely to emphasize that things *are* different in the technical field, and that in any case the authors are here offering their own personal assessments and advice; and even if occasionally we make our own small reservations, we can certainly say that we find these volumes interesting, useful, and stimulating—liable, in fact, to offer many issues in that pleasing, if heated, discussion which usually arises between enthusiasts. To the American collector, particularly one who is a relative newcomer to the game or is constrained to postal buying or to the use of small-town facilities, as to the American abroad with limited dollars to spend at home, these books will prove a definite boon, and are sure after a short time in regular use to turn into constant companions, and the authors into personal friends. Truly an excellent guide is offered here, with pointers in all directions to stimulate to exploration of hitherto untrodden fields; and the only way really to appreciate the virtues of a work of this kind is to dip into it, use it continually, and in fact to live with it; and this we propose to do.

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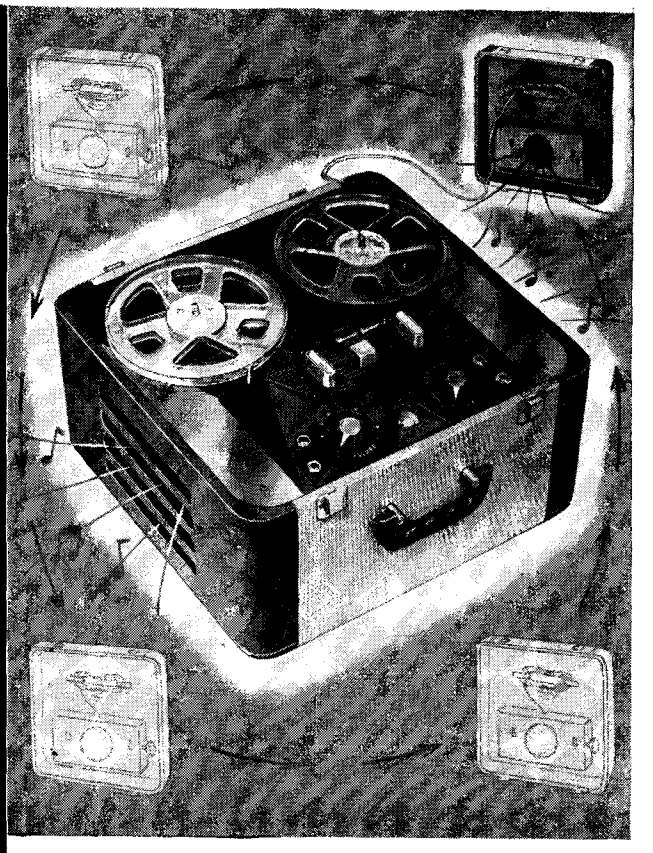

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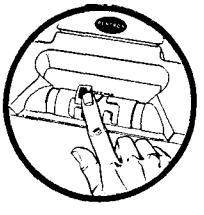

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